The Saturday Evening Post.

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UNLOVED, ALONE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY C. T. L.

Unloved, alone—oh, sad indeed that lot,
Where weary hours have graven on the heart,
The bitter consciousness that in Life's joys,
And hopes, and happiness, it bears no part.

Heavy the footstep, though the years are few,
White as in death the lips that breathe the moan,
"No one to love me, oh, that I could die.
Pity me, God, I am unloved, alone."

Sunshine and radiance gladden other paths,
Mine is with shadows thronged, dark as the night.
Gayly and idly floats their "barque of life,"
Aimless and storm-tossed speeds my vessel's flight.

Perfume and song and light float on the air,
Music and flowers and grace, are round me thrown.
Beauty clings close to life, but not for me;
It mocks my pain. I am unloved, alone.

Oh ye whom Love, the fadeless and the pure,
Has cradled, guarded, shielded from all woe,
Smoothing the path that else must thorny prove,
Cherish it well, not half its worth ye know.

If glances meet your own of changeless truth,
If lips of love breathe words in music's tone,
Pause in your happiness, and pray for those
Whose destiny is still, unloved, alone.

If tender hands are placed upon your brow,
If arms enfold to wile away all care,
If hearts, the warm, the true, your welfare guard,
Blest is your lot, oh, hallow it by prayer.

And if a voice dearer than all beside,
Murmurs caressingly the words "my own,"
Kneel and adore the giver of it all,
Whose mercy left you not unloved, alone.

PALACE OF AGRA, INDIA.

Agra was raised from a village to the rank of a capital by the Emperor Akbar, one of the greatest monarchs that India ever knew. He reigned during all the latter part of the sixteenth century. The fort is large, and contains many beautiful edifices; memorials of that emperor's taste and magnificence.

But the most remarkable ornament of Agra, architecturally considered, is the wondrous Taj Mahal—the tomb raised by Shah Jehan, son of Akbar, to the memory of his sultana-queen. This splendid pile was more than 20 years in erection, and it cost more than £800,000 sterling; which, in these days, would be equal to three or four millions.

It is constructed entirely of white marble. The quadrangle is 570 feet square; and for exquisite symmetry, says Mrs. Mackenzie, "St. Peter's at Rome is not to be named in the same breath with it."

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,
AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XI.

WITH THE TIDE.

Three days had elapsed and Paul Rutherford was still Mr. Thorndike's guest. Business grew upon him, and every night left something to be undertaken on the morrow. The investments promised very fair. He had become guardian for the child of a friend, and just now there was a considerable amount of funds lying idle, besides much of his own. But he was a wary man, and wanted to be quite sure before he risked much.

Mrs. Thorndike had seen very little of him. Her husband took him off in the morning, and perhaps by accident they dropped in to lunch, and at dinner there was always company. Half a dozen men who were presidents or directors or secretaries, and who appeared to have the art of money making always at their tongue's end. They sat a long while at the table and then adjourned to the library, where wine and cigars were served, and no women were needed to grace this festal board.

Lucy Thorndike dressed herself with exquisite care every day. She did not desire to attract anyone, but simply to please herself. At one time she made her hair a mass of silken waves; another, it was a coil of shining braids, with here and there a stray curl escaped from bands. There seemed to be no end to her diversity, and each new attempt rendered her lovelier.

To Mr. Rutherford her patient grace was something remarkable. She had not looked ennuied since that first night. Indeed, he began to question now whether this had not been partly due to imagination. Still, she had confessed that she was not happy! How could she be?

For that she had fine feelings, rare sympathy, and a tender soul, he could not question. Each day he was drawn more closely toward her. Not in any sense of love. The man was too essentially noble to have one thought derogatory to her or any woman. His was not a nature to love easily. He must respect and admire a long while before he could yield his soul, for with it, to him, went the larger part of liberty.

Unwittingly he endorsed the verdict against her. She *was* peculiar. Sometimes as he watched her, for he had keen eyes and saw what passed around him without much effort, he really longed to rouse her soul and direct it aright as the kindest of brothers might have done, but prudence restrained him. Would it be for the best? Was wisdom such a boon?

She was putting on her driving-gloves one afternoon, and her pony phaeton stood at the door, when he sauntered up the walk. She certainly could not accuse him of looking ill, so she smiled in her radiant fashion, and said carelessly,

"Where is Mr. Thorndike?"

"He went to Graysburg an hour ago. I was to tell you not to wait dinner for him, as he cannot be back before nine this evening."

"And you?" she continued, rather hesitatingly.

"O, do not disturb yourself about me," he answered in a cheerful voice. "I thought I would give my brain rest for an hour or two, as it has been rather overcrowded of late. I shall do very well alone."

She knew by that his intention was to remain indoors; and thinking of what her husband had said in the beginning, she almost fancied that it was her duty to stay at home and entertain him. And there was just the faintest tinge of disappointment in his face.

Then she remembered that she had started to take some word to Rachel, who asked a favor so seldom, that it would not be wise to neglect this one.

"I wish you would go with me," she said earnestly.

"Do you? Is it just a mere pleasure drive?"

"We will drive for pleasure. Then I am going to make one call—on a lady."

There was a mischievous light playing about her eyes. He drew down his brows.

"My sister," she pursued. "You have not seen her, I think."

"No, though I have been in the habit of meeting your father daily."

"Well, will you go?"

"Yes."

Something in his ready compliance rather piqued her. Did he fancy that her sister might be like her? she wondered.

She came down the steps, and was handed in with grave courteousness. He took the reins.

"But you must direct," he said.

"We will drive straight down the street, first. It is the prettiest in Dedham, I think. These touches of Autumn improve the landscape."

"But at what a cost!"

There was a strange and sudden gravity in his voice.

"Don't you like Autumn, then? I think it glorious."

"It is that indeed, and yet it is so painfully suggestive of change. From the glowing ripeness, it is but a step to decay, dreariness."

"And you feel this dreariness, you, a man, who can mould events to his liking?"

"Can I?"

He gave an odd, abrupt smile, and there was a far look in his eyes that puzzled her.

"Perhaps you do not desire. You may be content."

"You are laughing at me;" for he was quick to detect the light irony of her tone.

"No, I am not laughing at you. Look at this picture, Mr. Rutherford."

He glanced in the direction that her eyes indicated. A silvery river, winding round, and on the opposite shore the gradual slope of gray and purple hills, for to-day the sun was soft and hazy, and these were lying in the shade. Nearer there was an emerald tint broken by clusters of late wild flowers, among which the golden rod was conspicuous. A low, continuous chirp of crickets and insects throbbed in among the pulses of the river that gave slow, rythmic beats.

He studied that for a moment, and then her face, which was soft and dreamy as the brooding air.

"It is very lovely."

The words were not much, but the tone was deep and heartfelt. She understood it so thoroughly. Here was the kind of man with whom life would be a perfect enjoyment. I believe she thought to herself a little sadly that his wife would be a happy woman. Then she remembered that she knew absolutely nothing of his circumstances.

She flushed and changed the tenor of the conversation. He misunderstood the effort, and attempted to set her right. *He* was not insensible to the beauty of nature, to such exquisite coloring and harmony.

"No," she said, "I should never fancy that you were. I know that your soul is neither deaf nor blind."

Then she lapsed into silence, and though he talked, he could not rouse her. Her eyes were fixed on the bit of road before them, but her thoughts were upon him. Grave by nature and capable of suffering keenly, but with a deep, unwearying tenderness for all others in the depths of pain or care. With such a guide one might grow pure and strong, come up to the grand heights of life.

"But it is quite impossible," she said in a dry, hard tone.

"What is?" and he looked up in amaze, startled by the sudden and incongruous outburst.

"The subject that I have been considering for the last five minutes."

He felt a trifle displeased.

"You forget," he said, "that I really know nothing about your thoughts."

She gave a weird little laugh.

"If you were wise you could guess it from my face."

She turned toward him as she spoke. He only saw the dazzling complexion, the deep eyes which were as mysterious as an unseen world, the soft tint of the cheeks and the sculptured features. If she had not known that she could baffle him she would not have dared. There are some scoure moments in all lives.

"No, I cannot guess," he made answer after a long pause.

"Will you turn this corner, then? And—take the next street. My father is a plain man, Mr. Rutherford."

She uttered the last almost sharply.

They stopped before the door. He fastened the horse and she gathered her flowing skirts as she picked her way daintily up the path.

Rachel received them with her usual severe countenance. She had scarcely changed in appearance, and still sat with her work-basket by her side. That would always be indispensable.

Lucy's message being of a rather private nature, she presently withdrew Rachel from the room and delivered it.

"This Mr. Rutherford is staying at your house?" Rachel said.

"Yes. Warren went away this afternoon, and sent him home for me to entertain, so I thought I'd bring him to call upon you."

"And Warren approves of your riding round with any picked-up acquaintance! What do you know of this man?"

"Nothing. My husband brought him to the house—that is sufficient for me."

Lucy Thorndike's eyes flashed, and her words had an incisive ring.

"I never was taught to consider it respectable for married women to be gallanted here and there by strangers!"

"Rachel, you are a fool!"

Rachel Garth bit her thin lips and turned pale.

"Go your own gait," she said, snapping off her words. "Warren is blind and you are a weak, silly coquette. He will rue it some day!"

"Oh, I'm not so far on the high road to destruction as you think;" and she gave a mocking laugh. "And I'm going to give a party. Will you come? It is to be on my birth-night."

"I never go to parties, as you well know," was the frigid answer. "But I have warned you!"

"Yes, I never come here without a lecture!" Lucy returned hotly. "But you are an ungracious mentor, Rachel."

With that she led the way back to the sitting-room, and signified to her attendant in the most bewitching manner that she was ready to depart.

Rachel glanced after them. "I'll never utter another word if she becomes the town talk," she said angrily to herself.

It did fret her to see Lucy revelling in the luxuries of life in this careless manner. And what was worse, Warren Thorndike looked on and smiled.

They drove for some time in silence. Mr. Rutherford's face wore a perplexed expression.

"Shall I guess your thoughts?" she asked gayly.

"If you can."

"You are wondering at the difference between my sister and myself."

"Yes." He turned partly round, with an air of interest that deepened into a smile.

"We are sisters on my father's side only."

"I remarked her likeness to him."

He wanted to add that she was fortunate in not possessing any more marked resemblance.

"She finds a work to do in this world, and I fancy dreads the old couplet about idle hands. But I believe the lilies of the field were not censured."

"There is such a thing as ennobling labor, Mrs. Thorndike," he said gravely.

"But I *like* idleness. There are times when I could throw myself on a mound of grass like that yonder, and quaff its damp, delicious perfume, as if it were some rare wine. Or, stealing into forest depths, fancy myself a dryad haunting mysterious groves, ready to take shape of bird or bee; or of a zephyr to float on the edge of a rosy cloud, drenched with the incense of sweetest flowers."

Her eyes were dangerously luminous, and the scarlet lips seemed to throb with inward passion, refined to a degree of subtleness.

Why disturb her, sweet heathen that she was! Let her go on, and perhaps never awake to needs that might be madness.

Rachel's warning had the opposite effect upon her. Since her husband had asked her to entertain his guest, she would do it in a royal manner. As for danger, who dreamed of such a thing! It was a figment of that fussy, over-scrupulous brain.

They dined alone, and afterward she sang to him. Weird, sparkling melodies, that were crisp and piquant, rather than sentimental. And there Mr. Thorndike dropped in upon them with his common-place.

Her vague dissatisfaction reached a crisis that evening. A great gulf seemed to yawn before her, cutting her off from her kind. Not human kind—there would always be some to admire and applaud, but the pure, high souls, whose clear, steadfast eyes glanced over to the other shore where they were to be crowned victors, when their good fight had been made in this. They would always stand aloof—as this man had hours ago. She was not worth the helping hand!

She ran up stairs presently, tore off her jewels, and dragged the flowers out of her hair. Oh, if she *could* go back, if she could leave Warren Thorndike unwedded! She had sold herself soul and body to the liberty and gold that looked so tempting. She knew now that she did not love him, never had, and that life was a hideous mockery. So soon had she come to the knowledge that Mr. Rutherford would forever have hidden.

Although it was late, she sat there at the window in the floods of perfumed moonlight, for the falling dew had rifled every shrub and tree of sweetness. Her husband had gained his point and was coarsely good-humored, and then too, she looked very lovely, so he kissed her in his rough fashion.

It seemed as if she could not endure it, and she raised her hand to push him away. Every pulse of her body revolted at the caress.

Then she remembered that she had become his wife of her own accord. In his fashion he loved her.

"You'll be moon-struck sitting here," he said with a laugh.

"And lose my wits? I sometimes think that I have lost them."

She shivered visibly.

"Come, it's too cold," and he closed the window. "Do you know how late it is? Rutherford's won at last, though he's a long headed fellow. And now what about your party? When do you want it? I saw some fellows to-day that I'd like to ask."

"Warren," she said, solemnly, laying her hand on her husband's arm, "there's no danger about this investment? For it seems to me that it would be the blackest of treachery to share your hospitality with a men you might drag to ruin months hence."

"Ruin!" he exclaimed, angrily. "Who thinks of that? Why, it's my own money as well as his. Do you suppose I'd be fool enough to burn my own fingers?"

No, he was in earnest, and believed what he said. And then since he would be a sharer in any loss, she felt safe.

"The mine is to be opened just as soon as matters can be brought into shape. It won't pay so amazingly the first year or two, but there's a fortune in it. We have the capital now, and can go on with a rush."

"Be careful!" she entreated.

"Oh, you women had better not bother your brains about such things. 'Tend to your laces and fol-lols."

She was his wife! "'Till death do us part." With a faint, sickening sensation, Lucy Thorndike turned away and longed for freedom in the little room that she had once despised.

The young feel keenly and suffer strongly, but they are susceptible to so many influences. Circumstances bear so strongly upon us all. What might in solitude become a master passion, is weakened and changed by the pressing cares of life.

The following morning, Lucy Thorndike found herself a good deal interested in discussing the party. Her husband felt inclined to make a very splendid affair of it, and asked her to write out a list of invitations, and also the more elegant kinds of refreshments.

"Two weeks from Tuesday—last night. Don't forget a single thing."

They stood in the library, and he was waiting for Mr. Rutherford to come down. She felt a trifle ashamed of her tempest of last night, and asked herself if she ought not be thankful that she had so generous and indulgent a husband!

"Warren, I took Mr. Rutherford out driving, yesterday. He came in just as I was going down to father's."

"That was clever."

"And Rachel said—that it did not look respectable for me to be driving round with strange men."

She glanced at her husband very earnestly, but no fine sentiment stole into his face.

"What did you say?"

She repeated her defence.

"Good! You're a spunky little thing, and she's a fussy old maid, according to the Kip training."

"He was *your* friend, I don't even know to this moment whether he is married or single."

"Oh, he's single—and it was uncommon kind for you to give Rachel a sight at him. He's a nice fellow, too. She needn't fret herself!"

That was all. A quick elastic tread came down the stairs, and Paul Rutherford halted in the hall, a nobleman of nature's stamp, a fine, pure soul. She tried not to contrast them. Indeed, she turned rather coldly away from some remark he made.

She was soon deeply engrossed in party arrangements. Her list of guests was made out, and then she bethought herself of the delicacies that might grace her table.

Yet she was startled when the two came in to lunch, to hear Mr. Rutherford announce his departure.

"You'll be back in a fortnight, Rutherford! We're going to have a sort of blow-out."

Lucy winced a little at this inelegant announcement.

"We expect to entertain a little company on the evening of the twenty-third," she said, quietly. "We shall be most glad to see you."

"Thank you. I have some business in Baltimore; but if it is possible I shall be happy to come."

Their good-byes were quietly said.

Lucy Thorndike fell into a dreamy mood afterward.

"It would be just as well if I never saw him again," she thought. "He represents a class and a type beyond my reach. To awake to such a life and find myself chained here, would be—madness!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

We commenced in THE POST of Feb. 5th, this new novelet written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novelet is a capital time to begin subscriptions to THE POST, although we can still supply back numbers when required to the first of the year.

DIVERSITY IN UNITY.

Some people have such a passion for Unity—they are so well satisfied that what they believe is the Truth, and their modes of acting and living the only right modes—that they would compel, if they could, everybody else to believe and act and live precisely as they do.

In fact, the only idea of Liberty which some of these people—and very good people they often are—seem to possess, is the Liberty of making every other person do what they think right.

Now our object in the present article is to illustrate the folly of this, by showing the great benefits which result from Diversity—Diversity in Thought, Belief, Action, and modes of Life.

It may be said in the first place, that Diversity of Thought and Action is simply the result of the natural differences in the characters of men. Men are created very unlike both in their physical and mental organizations. No two men can be found who are precisely similar. Even the children of the same parents will often differ very widely in the most important physical and mental respects. Now this continual tendency of Nature to unlikeness, would seem to prove conclusively that Diversity is what Nature, which is to be considered the will of God, is always aiming at. Not Diversity beyond certain limits, but Diversity within certain bounds—a Diversity in Unity. All human beings made alike in one sense—all greatly unlike in another.

As we have already said, every fabric of man that has in it the element of Durability, is built upon the eternal rock of Fact—upon those great foundations of Nature which God has laid, and not man.

And so we should build the fabric of Freedom upon the great Facts of Human Nature, including the Free Agency of Man. The individual man has a right to be what his Creator made him to be—and to be protected in the exercise of his Free Agency—so that he may Believe, and Act, and Live according to his own views of what is right and proper, and not be forced to conform to some other man's views. This, and nothing else, is Freedom.

The very worst feature of Tyranny is always this, that it seeks to compress and force the Diversity of Nature into the mould of some one idea, belief, or mode of action. Thus it is with religious persecution, and legal and political persecution. The very essence of it all is that A, having the power of numbers or authority on his side, endeavors to make B believe or do what he, A, thinks right.

Now the true idea of Freedom is, the allowing of men to expand and develope their powers according to their own nature and will. Authority not interfering except to prevent one from infringing upon the development and the rights of another.

Take a certain man, and put him on the sterile soil of New England, and take another man, and put him upon the rich soil of some Southern state—one exposed to a low degree of cold, and another to a high average of heat—and let each live exposed thus to different influences, and their children after them for generations, and you will have ultimately two different kinds of men—men differing alike in their physical and mental conformations, and who will naturally develope different modes of thought, and embrace different styles of living.

And is there anything to be regretted in this? Nothing. It is what the Creator evidently designed when He made men various, and soils and temperatures various. If He had not designed it, He could easily have made it otherwise. He could have made men alike as two monkeys or two peas—though not even two peas, much less two monkeys, were probably ever made precisely alike.

Diversity is valuable, because its result is a more complex and a superior life. As in nature the growth of vegetables and fruits and trees is the outcome of apparently conflicting forces—as you must have rains to water the earth, and then the winds to dry the earth; light and darkness; heat and cold—so mental and spiritual life seems to need for its higher developments a great diversity of elements and forces.

The "glory that was Greece," is probably attributable to the fact that a superior race of men was located in a land greatly diversified in its natural aspects—with mountains and valleys, and islands, and surrounding sea—while the population, though speaking mainly the same tongue, was split up into little, separate communities, generally independent of each other. This diversity in nature and government naturally tended to diverse views of the great problems of life. And the result of this diversity of view was a many-sided perception of Truth—culminating in the highest art, and the most profound philosophy.

If Greece had been a level plain—and her little states been moulded at the outset by arbitrary power into one great nation—it is not at all probable that Grecian art or Grecian philosophy would ever have existed.

When Rome became mistress of the world—and her modes of thought were sternly enforced upon all nations—Diversity being crushed beneath the mighty juggernaut of Imperial Unity—then was the further progress of the human mind rendered impossible. The breaking to pieces of that mighty Empire, so that diverse modes of thought and life might again flourish in security and peace, was a necessity, if the mental and spiritual condition of mankind was not to recede with every century.

China affords an example of a nation that after making great progress, has remained stationary for hundreds of years. We have not sufficient facts to warrant more than mere guesses at the reason. But it is not improbable that the stagnation of China has come from the same established unity of thought, belief and modes of living—a Unity enforced by a most potential system of public education, by public opinion, and by governmental authority. The intellectual progress of China was probably made at a period when Diversity was tolerated—when the precepts of Confucius, excellent as they are, had not become the positive law of the country, regulating the minutest details of life. This strict enforcement of Unity will probably be found to be the main cause of the singularly torpid condition of the Chinese people.

Europe affords a wonderful instance of mental and material progress. On the remains of the Roman Empire, and as a result of the civilization of the various tribes of the barbarians, sprung up the many independent monarchies of Europe. Great wars and numerous evils have been the result of this division of Europe into independent nations. But another result has been a Diversity of Thought, of Belief, of Action, of Life, which has made of Europe what it now is—the most cultivated and enlightened region of the earth. We can imagine no greater calamity than the subjection of all these nations to the iron rule of any one of them. If Europe were all French, it would scarcely be better in the end than to have it all Cossack. Diversity of Thought and Development would be crushed—and with the crushing of Diversity, another thousand years of the Dark Ages would begin.

We are treating in a rapid editorial, what would almost require a volume for its satisfactory elucidation. But we hope these brief suggestions will be followed out in the minds of thoughtful readers.

The question we have raised is a practical one—an intensely practical one. We are now laying in this country the foundations of the Future. Shall we have a complex Diversity in Unity—or shall we have simply a plain, simple, Democratic, iron Unity; which shall crush down all Diversity in Thought, Action, and Modes of Life, by the mighty power of Public Opinion, the stern Rule of the Majority, and the bayonets of Federal Law?

Oh, how rapidly our people are insisting upon "making History"—how recklessly they are rushing forward to mould immature thought into enduring Forms—without even seeming to understand that there can be any question as to what is the best and wisest thing to do.

And we have no statesmen—positively not a single great statesman—to hold in check a crowd of hungry politicians, who are not even ambitious in the high and noble sense—cormorants and buzzards, not Eagles.

Europe has Diversity, organized into and protected by independent kingdoms, and she reaps the splendid results of it. If she would allow more Diversity, by allowing Free Thought and its consequences, in all of her kingdoms, she would witness still more splendid results. But she has Diversity in Discord—not in Unity. Hence frequent disputes, intrigues, and devastating wars.

We have the Unity of a Federal System. This protects us, if we are wise and prudent, from internal dissensions and foreign enemies. Our danger is a Democratic Absolutism—which shall crush down as an offence all Diversity of Thought, Action and Life. Which shall make the views of a Majority the enforced Political, Religious and Moral Creed of the whole country.

An eloquent and sincere, but somewhat narrow and superficial theorist, said a few years ago in an address in this city, that what we wanted in this country was a homogeneous people—that he desired to see the whole country re-made after the pattern of New England. What narrowness, and what folly! Such a consummation is not possible, except at the sacrifice of all vitality in three-fourths of the Union. As well expect to grow cotton and rice and sugar on the stony fields of Massachusetts, as to raise New Englanders on the soil and in the climate of South Carolina. And better, far better is it to have both the Pine and the Palm, than to have a sickly growth of either upon an alien soil. No—what we want is not a nation made after the New England or any other local pattern—but a nation in which every portion shall be free to grow in its natural form. A nation in which New England, and the Central States, and the West, and the South, and the Pacific Region—each large enough for an empire in itself—shall grow and develope according to its soil and climate, and special influences and circumstances. All unlike, but all bound together by a common tie in harmony and peace. Then out of these diverse forms and growths, harmoniously contending and vieing with each other, mind striving with and against mind, shall emerge a Civilization the grandest and noblest and most complete the world ever saw.

But out of Oneness, Unity, Absolutism, comes no life. What we need for the law of our national growth is, DIVERSITY IN UNITY. And would that this mighty phrase, rather even than the expressive *E Pluribus Unum*, were engraved as our national motto, upon the shield of the Republic.

THE FLEAS OF OFFICE.

Hon. William D. Kelley of this city, in a recent letter to a number of his constituents, who had requested him to become for the sixth time their candidate for Congress, comments with much force and good sense upon the burden now laid upon members of Congress, "of finding places for all people of both sexes known to them." Mr. Kelley says:—

"The practice of sending people to their Congressional Representative for employment has become so common as to be insufferable. To the fifty or more good-hearted people who, at their convenience, each write a note during the day, it is a matter of small concern; but to the unhappy being upon whom they concentrate the next day, and who, as has often been my case, would gladly find work for some worthy and suffering soldier whose case had come under his own observation, but knows not where to look for it, it is a more serious matter; and the wrong is not lessened by the discovery that the bearer has been assured by the respectable writer that a note from the member will certainly get him work and wages without delay.

"To such an extent has this practice been carried recently that it precludes the possibility of social intercourse, correspondence or study in my home; but, annoying as this may be to the Representative, that is the least of it, for it is, in almost every case, a positive wrong to the people upon whom the practice is indulged. Assurances that the Representative can procure employment, given by persons in whose word they have implicit faith, inspire hopes that cannot be fulfilled, and not infrequently a confidence that leads to destitution. Days and weeks are sometimes lost in pursuit of the man whose magical power, it is believed, will secure them employment; and the bitterness of disappointment that overtakes many of them when they discover how their friends have deluded them is painful to observe, and I am unwilling longer to be a party to such a practice. If, therefore, the acceptance of a re-nomination is to be understood as implying a willingness on my part to be longer regarded as such an agent, I must beg leave to decline the honor, grateful as I would be to receive it freed from this condition, and tendered in so complimentary a manner.

"Permit me, therefore, to suggest that it may be possible that the Republican voters of the Fourth District, having had this great and growing evil brought to their attention, will condemn and endeavor to extirpate it. This could be done by electing a nominating convention which would approve a proper Civil Service bill, and instruct the candidate nominated to make its principles his rule of action if elected; or would adopt a resolution deprecating the interference of Representatives in the selection of subordinate employees in the public offices and workshops. If this can be done, and the Representative can be permitted to devote his time to the study of the important questions now at issue, and the support of the great interests at stake, I will waive all personal objections, and gratefully comply with your request by placing myself in your hands as a candidate for re-nomination."

We are glad to see that there are members of Congress who welcome thus the proposition to pass a Civil Service Bill, which shall place suitable men in office, and keep them there so long as they prove themselves to be faithful and efficient officers, without regard to their politics, or their want of politics.

Several years ago when we were in Washington, we could but laugh at the way in which office-seekers dogged Mr. Kelley. Whether they watched in the corridors to see him leave his bed in the morning, we are not certain; but at the door of the breakfast room, going in and going out, he was regularly victimized. He requested us at the time, as a member of the press, to make some fitting comments upon this persecution to which he and others were subjected—but really we thought then he half liked it. Mr. Verree, another member from this city, holding the same political faith, did not seem to be bothered in the least—for one reason probably because he had not so much influence, and for another because he would not stand it. It was a waste of powder to spend time on Verree, who much preferred showing pretty constituents the lions of Washington—doing his duty thus like a man—than importuning crusty officials to give offices and contracts to a set of cormorants who better deserved a good kicking.

We doubtless did Mr. Kelley in our haste more or less injustice—supposing simply that he was getting up a "tail." Every Highland chieftain, you know, in the old times, had to have "a tail," if he would pass for anybody—a crowd of dirty, ragged, but well-armed retainers, willing on all occasions to swear and fight and die for him. And so every prominent man in Washington, especially every Senator—for all Senators are standing candidates for the Presidency—has to have his tail, who puff him in conversation and in the papers, support him and his men for office, and receive in return the crumbs that fall from the Senator's political table. Thus in the recent case of the Nashville Post Office, we read that Senator Fowler "has won the fight" over the President's nominee, Mr. Hopkins. As the reporter's account says:—

Mr. Embry, the incumbent, is the father-in-law of Senator Fowler, whom the latter desires to retain in office. The President nominated Mr. Hopkins several months ago, and there have been many decisions in the Senate as to who should control the office. The pressure in favor of Mr. Hopkins's confirmation has been immense, and the question arose as to whether Mr. Fowler should *control the office* in opposition to the whole Tennessee delegation, merely because he resided in the city. It was finally decided, *as was the like case of Senator Ross and others, that the office belonged to Fowler*, and Mr. Hopkins was rejected by a majority of one vote. Mr. Fowler has asked for few offices, and to this one he devoted his whole strength.

You see a majority of the Senate hung together in this matter. What would become of their respective "tails" if they did not? They have thus the bestowal of important posts, and those who fill these posts have their string of followers who look up to them, and so on. It is a beautiful system, as any sensible man will see. As Mr. Curtis quoted from Swift the other evening:—

"Big fleas have little fleas
To worry and to bite 'em,
And these in turn have smaller fleas,
And so *ad infinitum*."

A good Civil Service system would be death to all these fleas.

We congratulate Mr. Kelley, in conclusion, upon his manly, sensible letter; and hope that every candidate for a Congressional renomination will write a similar one—and that every District Convention, of both parties, will adopt resolutions in favor of a Civil Service Bill.

OUR LETTERS.

E. V. C., of Amsterdam, New York, writes:—

"I have been a reader of THE POST for nearly forty years, and it has no superior as a family paper. Its contents are chaste, refined, and entertaining."

Dr. J. A. B., of Mount Sterling, Kentucky, writes:—

"I think THE POST the most readable of all the multitude of literary weeklies. I never intend to be without it again."

Mr. S. H., of West Milton, Ohio, writes:—

"I have taken your paper for thirty years, and could hardly do without it. No family should be without THE POST."

R. M. Jr., of Pittsburg, writes:—

"THE POST has been so long in my family, we should feel lost without its weekly appearance."

C. P. E., of Brownsville, Tennessee, writes:—

"I recived the Sewing-Machine Premium all right, and am much pleased with it. I shall endeavor to get up another club."

E. M. S., of New Harmony, Indiana, writes:—

"We have been taking your paper for twenty-seven years, and think we cannot do without it. Would like to have you republish the Channings."

We do not like much to republish stories—though "The Channings" is one of Mrs. Wood's best. But just now we have so many new stories announced, it is impossible to find room to republish anything.

THE POST.

Our readers will find in our present issue an article from THE PROOF SHEET, written by Eugene H. Munday, giving an account of the life and fortunes of this paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It is the second article of a series upon "The Press of Philadelphia," which has been commenced in the "Proof Sheet." Mr. Munday leads off with our respected senior, "The North American and United States Gazette," whose illustrious predecessor, "The Pennsylvania Packet," commenced in 1771, was "the first daily newspaper printed on this continent."

Some of our readers perhaps will be surprised to learn that THE POST was not founded by its present editor and proprietor. Two or three years ago we received a letter from an old gentleman, expressing his conviction that we must be a very venerable person indeed, for he remembered reading THE POST with delight when he was a boy, and he had ascended to the snowy summits of life. But, as it will be seen, we were not the founder—and "wise men lived before Agamemnon." A long line of very able, distinguished and "remarkable" gentlemen occupied the editorial chair of THE POST before it became our lot to do our best to enlighten this erring world.

It will be noted that THE POST was originally printed in Franklin's old printing office, and on the old Franklin Press, now in the Patent Office at Washington. Thus its fortunes are linked with the venerable name of the philosopher who first summoned the lightning from the summer cloud, and made it confess its parentage and its name. If the genial and comprehensive soul of Franklin occasionally visits its old haunts, may it pause sometimes for a moment over our sanctum, and inspire our spirit with such thoughts as may benefit the country he served so faithfully and loved so well.

BAD, IF TRUE.

At a recent meeting of the Central Union of workingwomen in New York, one of the speakers, Mrs. E. A. Lane, of Massachusetts, asserted that in the New England states there were to be found children under twelve years of age, working in factories for eleven and twelve hours a day. The speaker compared this state of affairs with the condition of the working people in England, where by law, manufacturers were prohibited from employing women for more than eight, and children for more than five hours a day.

Our good friends in New England require looking after. We hope they will not put us to the trouble of getting up a Reformatory Society for their benefit. We hope Mrs. Lane is mistaken in her averments. Working children for eleven and twelve hours a day, is not just the thing for states which set themselves up as models and examples for the rest of the country. But would Phillips suppress his voice, and Garrison not cry aloud in the streets, if this thing were true? It is not to be thought of.

☞ Minnesota claims to have ice thirty-three inches thick and clear enough to read a paper through.

TO BORROWERS.

A Kentucky lady writes to us as follows:—

"Although my neighbors love to read my Post and LADY'S FRIEND they cannot spare the money to subscribe for them. They do not think how hard it is for me to have my books and papers returned—when they are returned at all—all tattered and torn so that they are totally unfit for binding."

It has been well said that a newspaper is like a wife or a husband, every person should have one of their own. To borrow a newspaper or a magazine occasionally, is one thing—but to borrow it regularly, is what no thoughtful person will do. What is left of a newspaper or magazine, after it has gone the rounds of a whole neighborhood? THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND are so low priced, that there is no excuse for this systematic borrowing of them.

FARMING.

Horace Greeley is writing a series of articles, headed "*What I Know of Farming.*" We propose one of these days writing some articles also. Our series shall be headed—"What we *don't* know of Farming." And if we only are able to embody in our series all we don't know, we shall totally eclipse Mr. Greeley.

By the way, we wonder if Mr. Greeley can instruct his readers how to invest $10,000 in a farm, and make it pay a *loss* of about $1,000, including interest, every year? If he cannot, probably he and Mr. H. W. Beecher together, if common report be true, may be able to afford the desired information. Then all he will need to say to his readers is this,—Just you do the opposite to what we did, and you will come out all right. Mr. Greeley would thus serve for a warning, if not for an example.

Oh, Greeley, do you think you can teach your grandfathers in the country how to suck eggs?

"HOME AND HOME LIFE."—Miss H. S. Corey, of Almond, New York, who has frequently contributed poetical articles to THE POST, is now delivering a lecture on "HOME LIFE" in Allegany and the adjacent counties of that state. We see it favorably spoken of by the press of that section. Miss Corey is to lecture before the Literary Societies of Alfred University in the first week of April.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PERSONAL BEAUTY. How to Cultivate and Preserve It, in accordance with the Laws of Health. By Drs. BRINTON and NAPHEYS. We have published a number of extracts from this book, so that our readers may judge of its quality. We believe it is one of the best published upon the subject of Personal Beauty. Published by W. J. Holland, Springfield, Mass., and for sale by A. H. Hobbard, 400 Chestnut street, Phila. Price $2.00.

DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR, 1870. Designed to furnish brief directions for the cultivation and management of the Vegetable, Flower, and Fruit Garden. Published by Henry A. Dreer, No. 714 Chestnut street, Phila.

THE GALAXY for April. An illustrated magazine. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April. Published by Fields Osgood & Co., Boston.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for March. Published by the Leonard Scott Company, New York.

MARY'S GRAMMAR—Interspersed with Stories, and intended for the use of children. By Mrs. MARCET, author of "Conversations on Chemistry," etc. New Edition. Revised and Enlarged. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. This favorite journal is excellent as ever. The steel plate, "Native Californians Lassoing a Bear," is designed by Darley, and is first-rate; and the wood-cuts illustrating "Modern French Gardens" are really beautiful.

THE TRANSATLANTIC. A Popular Weekly. Containing choice selections from Foreign Current Literature. Published by L. R. Hamersly & Co., Seventh and Chestnut Streets, Philada.; and also for sale by Turner Brothers, 808 Chestnut Street, Philada. The Monthly Part, nicely bound, contains a large amount of agreeable reading.

THE OLD GUARD. A monthly Magazine. Devoted to Literature, Science, and Art, and the Political Principles of 1776 and 1861. Published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., New York.

AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE, and Publishers' Circular. Published by George W. Childs, Phila.

THE TECHNOLOGIST; especially devoted to Engineering, Manufacturing and Building for March. Issued by the "Industrial Publication Company," Broadway, N. York.

☞ A friend to show his cosmopolitanism and liberality says he is orthodox in opinion, gets his preaching in churches of all denominations, votes the Republican ticket always, has been a subscriber to the Boston Post (Democratic) for twenty years, and takes the "Commonwealth" as his only religious paper.—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ Women prisoners in Iowa have all the rights of men. They are set to breaking stone.

☞ The Salt Lake Daily Telegraph, the "Gentile" organ, thinks the best way for Congress to deal with Utah is to admit her as a state, and let the high civilization, religious teaching, noble example, and Christian argument of the millions of the Republic lead the thousands of Utah to a higher moral plane, if they can.

☞ Dean Stanley read Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" six times. Once, when first published, from curiosity; a second time for its beautiful language; third, before visiting Rome; fourth, while in Rome, as well suited to the spirit of the place; fifth, after returning from Rome, as a pleasant reminder of the visit; and the last time, as he said, "Because I wanted to."

A Dangerous Acid.

Within a few days severe loss has been sustained by several New York banks by the payment of genuine checks of small amounts certified as good, altered, by the use of chemicals, to very large amounts. The ascertained losses by this process are estimated to amount to at least $100,000, and the perpetrators of the fraud are still at large. So dangerous a forgery is this, that our leading bankers are devising means whereby to detect it, and to this end ask the co-operation of their correspondents. We were yesterday shown, at the banking-house of Drexel & Co., a bottle of this "ink eraser," as it is called, and tried it on some written matter lying on the counter, by merely touching it with the wet stopper of the bottle, when every trace of the writing coming in contact with it vanished in two seconds, leaving the paper as smooth and virgin as before written upon. So much of values as there is dependent upon the inviolability of writing ink, in wills, deeds, bonds, notes, contracts, etc., the great danger this liquid threatened could not in the nature of things long go unremedied, if a remedy could be found by the ingenuity of man. A remedy, it seems, has been found. Immediately after the successful removing of the writing above mentioned, which was in the common black ink, a few words were written with other ink prepared especially to resist the action of the acid alluded to, and on applying it the words remained as bright and distinct as they were before. There was no damaging effect whatever.—*Philada. Ledger.*

Chinese Tartary.

This country, heretofore reported as "three-fourths sand," proves to be sand in the lesser proportion. Instead of wandering hordes of Tartars, dwelling in tents, Mr. Shaw, a recent English traveller, found a population of 20,000,000 at the lowest estimate, and towns of 100,000 inhabitants. The land is highly cultivated by irrigation. Security of life and property exists; the roads are full of life and travel, and all the arts and luxuries known in the East are practiced and enjoyed. Russia and China have had hitherto a monopoly of the foreign trade. China is ruled out, and England will probably divide the business with Russia. The religion is Mahometan, and the language spoken is essentially that of the Turks at Constantinople.

A Natural Mistake.

A California paper says:—

A few days ago Rev. W. T. Lucky, Principal of the State Normal School, and frequently acting as chaplain to the penitentiary at St. Quentin, was visiting at Sacramento, and interviewing to some extent, perhaps, the members of the Legislature. Being in the Senate Chamber at the opening of the morning session, he was requested by the President to open the proceedings with prayer, which he did, with eyes closed—whether forgetting the place he was in or the people surrounding him, we cannot say—in the following manner:

"Oh, Lord, we pray Thee that Thy mercies may be extended to these poor men, who have been sent here from all parts of the state convicted of various crimes and misdemeanors; have mercy upon them, we beseech Thee, while they are here serving out the times for which they were sent; and when they have served and are dismissed from these walls, may they return to their homes better men, and in time may they become useful and upright citizens and honorable members of society. Amen."

Whereupon the member from Yolo arose and said: "Mr. President, I move to strike out Yolo County." The scene which followed can be better imagined than described.

St. Patrick.

The recurrence of St. Patrick's day revives the question whether the Saint is not, after all, only a pleasing myth. The evidence is certainly in favor of this myth theory. St. Patrick was never heard of until nearly a thousand years after the date of his supposed birth, and we know absolutely nothing of his history—unless we are willing to accept the common stories of his navigating the sea in extempore boats, somewhat more unseaworthy than the light-draught monitors, and of his successful campaign with the Irish reptiles of the period. On the other hand, there is considerable plausibility in the theory that "Patrick" is merely a corruption of the word "patrician," and that the legend symbolizes the introduction of civilization into Britain and Ireland by the Roman patrician generals. If there was no St. Patrick the annual celebration of his day becomes an amiable Irish bull of the first magnitude. However this may be, the warmth and enthusiasm with which our Irish fellow-citizens yesterday celebrate the day is very creditable to them.—*N. Y. World.*

☞ A pamphlet has just been published in Turin in which the author, feeling convinced that all modern Rationalism is founded directly upon the teachings of astronomy, and that these teachings are entirely opposed to the doctrines of the Bible, calls upon the Principal of the Roman Observatory to refute from the Scriptures the theories of modern astronomy. If Father Secchi fail to do this, he demands the instant suppression of the observatory as an institution ruinous to men's souls.

☞ A poor, foolish girl in Chester, New Hampshire, died a few days ago from tight lacing. To such a fearful extent had this been indulged in that the ribs were found lapped over one another, and the breast bone was pressed over one lung so that she had entirely lost its use. For several months previous to her death, this victim had been obliged to sleep with corsets on and tightened to the last notch, for the loosening gave such pain in the internal expansion that she could not bear it.

☞ It is a singular fact that persons who know how to preserve everything else, can't preserve their tempers. Yet it may easily be done on the self-sealing principle. It is only to keep the mouth of the vessel tightly closed.

☞ School boys in Nevada dig holes about their playground fifteen feet deep, by way of practice in the profession of their fathers. The other day two of them struck a ledge of gold-bearing quartz, and immediately a thousand feet of claims were "located" right through the school-house.

☞ It was an Irishman who wrote to his son in the "auld counthry: "Come till Ameriky, Mike. 'Tis a fine counthry to get a living in. All ye have to do is to get a three-cornered box and fill it wid bricks, and carry it till the top of a three-story building, and the man at the top does all the work."

☞ A country apothecary, who was in the habit of draining all medicine bottles which stood upon his counter, was asked what could be his object in accumulating this strange mixture. "My dear fellow," replied the apothecary, "that is the most scientific medicine I've got in my shop. Simple medicines are very well for simple complaints, but that's the stuff for a complication of disorders."

☞ The process of "canning" eggs in their own shells was recently explained at a meeting of the New York Farmers' Club. When two or three dozen eggs are obtained from the nests, place them in a dish and pour scalding water over them, and immediately turn it off. This process is repeated three times, by which means the albumen is fixed or coagulated, the pores of the shell closed and the egg, as it were, canned in its own covering. The eggs thus prepared are then packed in salt, with the apex downward, and they are said to keep perfectly fresh for many months.

☞ A man, while fishing on Indian Head Pond, Mass., a few days ago, using a six inch perch for bait, got a bite from a half pound pickerel, but before he could draw in his line, the hook, bait, pickerel and all were swallowed by another big fellow weighing four pounds, and all were safely landed. This is not a fish story.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues very dull. 3000 bbls sold, in lots, mostly to the retailers and bakers, at prices ranging from $4,25@4,50 for superfine; $4,75@5 for extra; $5@5,75 for Pennsylvania extra family; $5@5,75 for North-West extra family; $5,25@6 for Western family; and $6,50@7,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. 250 bbls of Rye Flour sold at $4,62½@4,75.

GRAIN—26,000 bus of Pennsylvania, Western, and Southern red sold at $1,18@1,22 for fair to good; $1,22@1,25 for prime, and $1,26 for choice; 8000 bus of Western white sold at $1,30@1,40 ₩ bus. Rye—4000 bus sold, in lots, 91@92c ₩ bus. Corn—75,000 bus prime yellow sold at 96@97c. Oats—60,000 bus of Pennsylvania and Western sold at 54@56c. Barley—3000 bus of two-rowed New York sold at 80@85c.

PROVISIONS—Prices are firmer. Sales of 500 bbls new Mess Pork at $25,75@26,50. Mess Beef Beef may be quoted at $21@22 ₩ bbl. Beef Hams are quoted at $31@32 ₩ bbl. Bacon; sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 17@19c; Excelsior Hams at 19c, and Shoulders at 11c. Lard; sales of 600 bbls and tcs at 14@15c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs at 16c. Butter; sales of good roll at 25@32c. Cheese; sales at 15½@16½@c. Eggs sell at 27@29c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—600 bales middlings sold at 23@23½c for uplands and 24@24½c ₩ lb for New Orleans, closing at 23@24c ₩ lb.

BARK—25 hhds of No. 1 Quercitron sold at $27 ₩ ton.

FEATHERS—There is a steady demand for prime Western at 78@80c ₩ lb.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1,40@1,50; mixed do, $1,25@1,30; Straw, $1,20@1,30.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 18@20c and Wisconsin at 15@20c ₩ lb.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is rather more doing; we quote No. 1 at $24. Bar Iron is quoted at $76@81 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—Sales of 2700 lbs at $8@8,25. 300 bus Timothy sold at $5,50@5,75. Flaxseed sells slowly at $2,25 ₩ bushel.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized from 9½@10 cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 7@8½c ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 13,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan use "PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless remedy known to science for removing brown discolorations from the face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap2-2m

Mason & Hamlin Organs.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Company have just issued what they term a Testimony Circular, which is certainly remarkable as presenting such an amount of testimony to the excellence of their instruments. It contains six large newspaper pages, closely printed, and thus includes as much matter as an ordinary duodecimo volume. Nearly one thousand persons, most of them experts in the matter, testify to the rare excellence of the cabinet organs made by this company. The character of the testimony is indeed quite as remarkable as its quantity. Nearly all the most prominent musicians in the country are quoted: the principal organists, pianists, and teachers of chief American cities are among those who say that these are the best among instruments of the class. A number of well-known European artists testify to the same effect. Extracts are given from Paris and London papers which admit that these organs are superior to those of European make. American newspapers are equally emphatic. But what is, perhaps, even more satisfactory, is the testimony of hundreds who have these organs in use, as to their working qualities. After looking over such a mass of testimony, one cannot well doubt that the reputation of this company is richly deserved. By sending his address to the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., 154 Tremont street, Boston, or 596 Broadway, New York, any one can have a copy of this circular sent him gratuitously, postage paid.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

An Extended Popularity.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have been before the public many years. Each year finds them in new localities in various parts of the world. The Troches are pronounced universally superior to all other articles used for similar purposes. For relieving coughs, colds, and throat diseases, the Troches have been proved reliable.

Tetter, Itch, Itch, Scratch, Scratch.

"*Swayne's All-Healing Ointment,*" after an experience of many years has proved to be a sovereign remedy for all skin diseases, Tetter, Salt, Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Blotches, Barbers' Itch, obstinate or Scaly Eruptions, Ringworm, Itching Piles, &c. No case so obstinate or long standing it will not cure. Ask for "Swayne's Ointment." Use no other.

Sold by dealers Everywhere. Price 50 cents a box. Sent by mail, to any address for 60 cents, postage paid. Letters asking advice, will be promptly and gratuitously answered. Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North 6th St., Philadelphia. ap2-eowtf

Any person desiring work as agent, by addressing at once R. THORNTON, Hoboken N. J., will learn of something that will net them from $18 to $30 a week. ma26-3m

☞ **Crampton's Imperial** ☜
LAUNDRY SOAP
is the best.
Manufactory 3, 4, 5, 6 and 10 Ruger's Place, and 23 and 25 Jefferson Street.
☞ Office, 64 Front Street, New York. ☜
ap2-6m

The Ladies' Sorosis Club, of New York, recently changed their discussions from woman's suffrage to Hair preparations and Pimple Banishers. They declared that where nature had not endowed them with beauty, it was their right—yea, their duty—to seek it where they could. So they all voted that Magnolia Balm overcame Sallowness, rough skin, and Ring-marks, and gave to the complexion a most *distingue* (Moorish) and marble-like appearance (dangerous to men, no doubt); and that Lyon's Katharion made the Hair grow thick, soft, and awful pretty, and moreover prevented it from turning gray. If the proprietors of these articles did not send the writers an invoice, they are not smart.

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with 10 cents postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia. oct2-1y

FITS! FITS! FITS!
FITS! FITS! FITS!

Cure of Epilepsy or Falling Fits
By HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *Hance's Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits.

The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 10, 1867.
To SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be or whatever be occupied with, and I was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1866, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on the 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the Pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, that persons who are similarly affected may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 826 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM ELDER.

CURE OF A CHILD.

SARDIS, PAROLA CO., MISS., Oct. 20, 1868.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—As a matter of justice and gratitude to you, I desire, unasked, to state the following facts. My eldest son, Fred, was taken with spasms, or Epileptic Fits, in the summer of 1865, and continued to be afflicted with them to a most distressing extent, until both myself and the physicians attending him feared he would never be relieved. I was advised by Major Guy, of Grenada, of your Pills, and ordered two boxes. This I think was last winter. Since receiving them, Fred has had but one slight spasm, where he used to have them twice or more, sometimes five times monthly. When the supply gave out I ordered more, and he has used them all, and is now by permission of my family physician at school, which he was forbidden to attend before, and I sincerely hope entirely cured. I will add that before sending for them, I heard upon inquiry of several instances in which they had been successfully used. You are at liberty to use this as you think proper, for the virtue of the Pills should be universally known. Very resp'y, J. F. SIMMONS.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS
By Hance's Epileptic Pills.

MONTGOMERY, TEXAS, June 20, 1867.

To SETH S. HANCE—A person in my employ had been afflicted with Fits or Epilepsy for thirteen years; he had these attacks at intervals from two to four weeks, and oftentimes several in quick succession, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On several occasions they continued until his mind appeared totally deranged, in which condition he would continue for a day or two after the fits had ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by our resident physicians, but without any success. Having seen your advertisement in the Philadelphia *Courier*, I concluded I would try your remedy. I obtained two boxes of your Pills, and gave them according to directions, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now a stout, healthy man, and is about thirty years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced taking your medicine, which was ten years since. He was my principal waggoner, and has, since that time, been exposed to the severest of weather. I have great confidence in your remedy, and would like every one who has fits to give it a trial. B. L. DE FREEZE.

CAN EPILEPSY BE CURED?

We think the following from a respectable citizen of Mississippi will answer the question, and remove all doubts from every unbiassed mind:

GRENADA, MISS., June 8, 1868.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in relating a case of spasms or fits, cured by your invaluable Pills. Mr. brother, J. J. Lyon, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first; but as he grew older, they seemed to increase likewise. Up to that time he commenced taking your Pills, he had them very often and quite severe, prostrating him body and mind. His mind had suffered seriously; but now, I am happy to say, he is cured of those fits. He has enjoyed fine health for the last five months past. His mind has also returned to its original rightfulness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating, as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours respectfully, &c., W. P. LYON.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY?
The Subjoined Will Answer.

GRENADA, MISS., June 20.

SETH S. HANCE—Dear Sir—You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c., C. H. GUY.
Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

CURLIN POINT, Surry County, Va.

DR. SETH S. HANCE:—I was in Baltimore in April, 1864, and from a paper I received of yours was induced to buy a box of your Pills, recommended as a sovereign cure for the Epileptic Fits. At that time one of my servants had been afflicted with fits about twelve years. When reaching home, I commenced with the Pills according to directions. I do not think she has had one since. My wife, though, is somewhat induced to believe she may have had one only. Enclosed you will find five dollars, for which you will please forward them by mail. Your compliance will oblige me. Yours, respectfully,
M. P. SLEDGE.

THE TRIUMPH COMPLETE.

DUNBAR'S MILL, Perquimans Co., N. C., Oct. 1st.

S. S. HANCE—Dear Sir:—Having been afflicted with falling fits for some years past, I determined to give your Pills a trial, (advertisement of which I saw in some of the papers,) and continued to use them for some months, until I was entirely cured. I believe them to be a first-rate article, and since I have used them I have not had one attack, and am now in the enjoyment of good health. I am, very respectfully, yours, &c., JONATHAN J. JACONS.

P. S.—The Pills were recommended to me by Mr. Nathan Newby, of this county, to whose address you sent them.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price, one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. feb19-12t

"Children's Lives Saved for 50 Cents."

Thousands of children die annually of croup. Now, mothers, if you would spend 50 cents, and always have a bottle of *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment* in the house, you never need fear losing your little one when attacked with this complaint. It is now 28 years since I have put up my Liniment, and never heard of a child dying of croup when my Liniment was used; but hundreds of cures have been reported to me and many state if it was $10 per bottle they would not be without it. Besides which, it is a certain cure for cuts, burns, headache, toothache, sore throat, swellings, mumps, colic, diarrhœa, dysentery, spasms, old sores and pains in the limbs, back, and chest. No one once tries it who is ever without it. It is warranted perfectly safe to take internally. Full directions with every bottle.

Sold by the druggists and storekeepers in the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. ap2 5t

Occupational Ailments.

Fresh, pure air is a vitalizing elixir. Whoever is debarred by circumstances from unrestricted access to this inviable, but powerful stimulant, needs a medicinal invigorant of some kind. The great object should be to choose the best. Popularity is a pretty good guarantee of merit in this scrutinizing and intelligent age, and tried by this criterion HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS stands first among the invigorating and regulating medicines of the present day. To the wants of persons engaged in indoor employments, especially in crowded factories where even with the best possible ventilation the atmosphere is always in some degree polluted, this salubrious vegetable tonic is peculiarly adapted. The nature of the ingredients is no mystery. It consists of an absolutely pure diffusive stimulant, tinctured—or rather surcharged—with the fluid extracts of sanatous roots and barks and herbs. The pharmacopœia has its tinctures, but what are they? The juice of only a single root or bark or plant is present in each. Not one of them combines the three properties of a tonic, an alterative, and an aperient. All these elements are blended in the Bitters; nor are these the sum of its medicinal recommendations. It is also a blood depurent and an antispasmodic.

The baleful effect which air that has been partially exhausted of its oxygen by frequent breathing produces on the vital organization, is notorious, and when to this devitalized atmosphere is superadded the mephitic vapor of hot air furnaces, it becomes deleterious and depressing in the extreme. To enable the system to bear up, even for a few hours each day against the debilitating influence of a vitiated atmosphere, a wholesome tonic and alterative is urgently required. This grand desideratum is supplied in Hostetter's Bitters, which as a strength-sustaining, health-protecting agent has no rival either among official or advertised medicines. ap2-5t

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!
Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.
Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparilliant Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the waste of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of waste, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or cherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUS & Co., sep4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st of March, by the Rev. J. W. Bonham, Mr. HORACE E. SCOTT to Miss MARY A., daughter of Wm. Hinkle, Esq., both of this city.

On the 10th of March, by the Rev. J. B. Peters, JOHN J. REILLY to Miss GERTRUDE A. KROLL, both of this city.

On the 14th of March, by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, PHILIP D. BEAD to Miss HENRIETTA H. AULANDS, both of this city.

On the 5th of Jan., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. GEORGE W. CLARKE to Miss JENNIE McLAIN, both of this city.

On the 17th of March, by the Rev. Saml. E. Appleton, Mr. SAMUEL HADDOCK to Miss JANE MURPHY, both of this city.

On the 17th of March, by the Rev. J. F. Boyd, D. D., Mr. JOHN BRATTON, of Ireland, to Miss MATILDA J. MYERS, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of March, WILLIAM BROWN, Jr., aged 20 years.

On the 23d of March, WILLIAM V. PYNE, in his 49th year.

On the 21st of March, Mrs. ELIZABETH W. EMMER, in her 80th year.

On the 21st of March, ELIZABETH BARTIAN, in her 90th year.

On the 20th of March, Mr. JOHN CAPEWELL, in his 54th year.

On the 20th of March, THOMAS W. WATKINS, in his 43d year.

On the 19th of March, HARRIET, wife of John M. Ogden, in her 72d year.

On the 18th of March, HORATIO G. STOKE, in his 62d year.

On the 18th of March, WILLIAM WILSON, in his 25th year.

On the 22d of March, SAMUEL KELLEY, in his 81st year.

PROSPECTUS.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, *paying in advance*, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

BASE BALL SONG.

AIR—"The old oaken bucket."

How dear to the heart is the green-covered Ball-field
Where good rival captains their men rightly place,
The pitcher, the catcher, the right field and left field,
The good men, the true men, who guard well each base!
The short-stop so lively, the centre-field handy,
The ball, and the striker who aims to send high!
But dearer than all to the hearts of good fielders,
Is the leathern-clad base-ball we catch on the fly—
The jolly old base-ball, the well-covered base-ball,
The leathern-clad base-ball we catch on the fly.

Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

The great Babylonian King Nebuchadnezzar (who died B. C. 561), when he had completed his conquests, as he found himself in possession of treasures uncounted, and captives by tens of thousands, determined also to signalize his reign by some of the triumphs of peace. He built a new palace of colossal dimensions, and surrounded it with a triple wall, the outer one of which was some seven miles in circuit; he inclosed the city of Babylon with a wall, which, Herodotus says, was about three hundred and thirty-five feet high, and made the Hanging Gardens. This last work was undertaken to gratify his wife, Amyitis, a Median princess. Having passed her younger days in a mountainous region, she disliked the uniform level of the country about Babylon, and pined for the woods and hills of Media. The lofty rocks and various trees of this wonderful paradise were an attempt to imitate Median scenery. These gardens were high enough to overlook the walls of the city, and occupied a square four hundred feet on a side.

It has been a question how these gardens were supported at this great height, as it was, until lately, taken for granted that the Babylonians did not understand the principle of the arch. But it is now known that very perfect arches were built in Egypt, in Assyria, and in Babylonia centuries before Nebuchadnezzar's time, and so the question is simplified.

The ancient Romans, when they had to carry a stone aqueduct across a deep ravine, sometimes built three or four tiers of arches, one above another, till the required level at which the water was to be carried was reached. In the same manner, only on a larger scale, was this mound of the gardens raised. They built one story of arches, covering the required space; on this was placed a second story; and thus was story after story raised. A great mass of earth covered the top, and water was supplied from the Euphrates through pipes. Not only flowers and shrubs grew there, but trees of the largest size; some of them so large that their trunks, according to Quintus Curtius, were twelve feet in diameter. The ascent to the gardens was by steps, and on the way up, among the arches, were stately apartments, whose pleasant coolness the heat of the climate could but little affect.

☞ The Irish absentee landowners spend $40,000,000 gold, annually, outside of Ireland.

THE GOOD WIFE.

"She makes my home the pleasantest spot on earth to me."—*Dr. Chapin.*

Blest is the home which hath a wife so sweet,
So kind, so gentle, cheerful, and refined,
That happy is the man in whose retreat
Dwells such a helpmate with such helps combined.

The mystic Vesta, goddess of the hearth,
Whom ancients pictured as divinely pure,
Was not more lovely than the wife of worth,
Who home invests with pleasures that endure.

She makes a heaven of her little realm,
Where husband, children, friends, in bliss abide.
And tho' the waves of outward care o'erwhelm,
At home o'er flows contentment's tranquil tide.

How sweetly falls at evening on the ear
The good wife's love-fraught welcome to her spouse;
And then, at morning, her fond words endear
More closely all the treasures of his house.

Praise, endless praise, to Him who giveth all
Good gifts that, in this trying, changeful life,
He granteth such a boon from Heaven to fall
As home made charming by a faithful wife.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

No. 14.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY MRS. FANNIE B. FEUDGE.

OFFERINGS PLACED UPON ALTARS—THRESHOLDS.

"When the Philistines took the Ark of God, they brought it into the house of Dagon, and set it by Dagon." 1 Sam. v., 2. That the Philistines should rejoice at getting possession of the Ark of God, is readily to be accounted for; since, from their whole camp had gone up a wail of horror-stricken awe, simultaneously with the shout of triumph with which the Israelites greeted the advent of the Ark among their tents. Just as fully assured as had been Israel that victory would come to them with the Ark of God; so as certainly did the Philistines expect defeat as the consequence of its presence on the side of their enemies. Their own language betrays a fear bordering on despair, as they exclaim: "Woe unto us! Who shall deliver us out of the hand of these mighty Gods? These are the Gods that smote the Egyptians, with all the plagues in the wilderness." When, therefore, "Israel was smitten, and fled every man to his tent, and there was a very great slaughter, * * * and the Ark of God was taken"—it was not strange that the Philistines should greet with joy and triumph their unexpected victory. That the Ark should be *safely* deposited where it would be secure from all probability of again falling into the hands of the Israelites, was also to be expected, as the reasonable dictate of proper prudence and forethought; but why place it "in the house of Dagon," their consecrated temple, and "set it by Dagon," their favorite deity? Was it not an insult to their god, thus to bring into familiar juxtaposition with him a rival divinity—an unwarrantable profanation of his special abode, to hold it in common with another and a *strange* God—and one, too, who was worshipped only by a race they held in utter contempt, and alluded to as Hebrew *slaves?* Were they not thus braving the displeasure of their own deity, and even inviting its severest manifestation upon themselves and their country? So it would seem to us *occidentals;* but an *oriental* views the subject from quite another stand-point. The Ark was probably placed, not by the side of Dagon, but *before him*, upon the altar or table upon which offerings were placed; and the act of these victorious Philistines in laying before, or at the feet of their consecrated divinity, this mysterious symbol of an unknown God, is a forcible illustration of the common practice of all orientals, of placing *everything* they deem specially valuable, novel, or incomprehensible, upon the altars of their gods. In such a position I have seen at different times a sailor's jacket, a high-crowned beaver hat, a meerschaum pipe, a rusty French sword, an old-fashioned Dutch clock, a greasy pack of playing cards, a ship's anchor, an English "Book of Common Prayer," and even a cast-off bit and bridle—all prized by the natives, simply because they were rare and *foreign*, and for the same reason supposed to be acceptable offerings to the equally curious deity. Nothing is considered by an oriental too rare, costly, or precious, nor yet too grotesque, to be laid upon the altar of his idol—costly jewels, magnificent ornaments, perfumes, spices and incense from Arabia and Ceylon, exquisite statuettes of gods and heroes, medallions and bijouterie curious and fanciful, rare old paintings, valuable coins, ancient and modern, all lie scattered about in such delectable confusion, as quite to set at nought every distinction of time, place, and nationality. A little farther off, huddled together in strange, fantastic groups, may be seen Chinese dragons of rough-hewn granite, and classic nymphs of purest Italian marble—gods and demi-gods, Greek, Roman, and Buddhist, forgetful of their adverse creeds, stand side by side in unwonted amity—whilst giants and dwarfs, heavenly damsels and their infernal suitors, demons and furies, princes celestial and terrestrial, complete the strange assortment, more varied than ever was peddler's pack, or the multifarious adornments of a ship's caboose, whence may ordinarily be obtained whatever is called for, from a rusty nail to a cambric handkerchief, a volume of the classics, or a soiled pack of cards.

Nor are the treasures of the parterre forgotten in these adornments of idol worship. The freshest and fairest flowers are laid morning and evening upon every altar in house and temple; and many a fair devotee will come, at the first blush of the dewy morn, richly laden with floral gifts only less lovely than her own beauteous self, and lay them, still glittering with the pearly drops of the fragrant morning, upon the altar of her chosen deity, as atonement for some real or fancied dereliction. There, amid the piles of Tube-roses and Cape-jessamines, filling the air with their delicate perfumes; lilies and japonicas with the faintest possible rose tinge, a scarce perceptible blush, as of their own conscious loveliness; Passion-flowers and moon-creepers in the full tide of blushing maturity—some twined in wreaths and garlands, others arranged in costly vases of fantastic shapes—while towering above all rise the stately branches of the magnificent Magnolia Grandiflora, the "Pride of the Tropics," bending beneath their wealth of ambrosial treasure, and exhaling with true oriental profusion their rare and delicious perfume—there, amid this medley of sweets, the beauteous damsel deposits her gift, and departs with conscience eased of its burden, and accounts squared with her god. All that is rare or beautiful, curious or costly, is brought into requisition to propitiate the favor of the deity supposed to be enshrined in the hideous forme before which the infatuated idolater bows down; and though the hoary idol sits in majestic splendor behind its golden altar, an unconscious recipient alike of the heart's adoration of the humble worshipper, and the costly gifts of the lofty and the proud, the system enthrones itself in the very hearts of these fancy-loving children of the East. And so bedazzling is the gorgeous pageant, that the humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus turns sadly away, little wondering that a religious creed that so perfectly ministers to all the fairy fancies, epicurean tastes and exquisite sensibilities of an Oriental, should continue to hold the countless legions of the Orient so fast bound in its golden chains. But while the splendor of their temple worship gratifies their tastes, it is doubtless the inward consciousness of guilt, the need of somewhat wherewith to *purchase pardon for sin*—the grand desideratum of our race ever clamoring for relief—that induces, in every age and all lands, Christian or heathen, civilized or savage, the erection of altars, and the laying thereon of sacrifices and oblations, as propitiatory and expiatory offerings to some known or unknown god. The very genius of idol worship is *sacrifice and oblation*—not prayer or praise; while the devotee seems to imagine his god always out of humor and needing to be pacified, angry or sullen, and his favor to be propitiated only by the most costly and oft-repeated gifts.

It was, doubtless, as an *offering to their god*, that the Philistines conveyed the Ark of God into "the house of Dagon, and set it by Dagon;" and likewise as the place of greatest security from any possible attempt on the part of the Israelites, to recover their lost treasure. Thus, the Philistines hoped to propitiate the favor of their own god, by laying upon his altar this mysterious emblem of a power, the rumor of which had reached them from afar, working strange wonders in Egypt, and engulfing Pharaoh and his armed legions amid the billows of the Red Sea.

The Ark was also placed in Dagon's keeping, under the belief that he would jealously guard it from their enemies, and most effectually prevent its being ever again used against themselves. That *he*, their own venerated deity should in any manner succumb to another, seems never to have entered into the calculations of the Philistines; nor could they be persuaded that it was so, even after Dagon's *first* fall, on the morning subsequent to the placing of the Ark upon his altar. But when the *second*, catastrophe occurred, in which the idol was not only thrown prostrate on his face, as before; but so horribly mutilated that, as the sacred historian records it, "only the stump of Dagon was left to him"—the unwelcome conviction was forced upon them, that their god could not stand before this mystic symbol of the unknown God of the Israelites, and with one voice they cried out, "The Ark of the God of Israel shall not abide with us; for his hand is sore upon us, and upon Dagon, our god."

The allusion to "the threshold," in this passage, is also peculiarly Oriental. All over the East, and especially in Persia, Turkey, and Arabia, prostration on the threshold implies the highest reverence and homage for the presence that dwells within, hence the posture of humiliation into which Dagon was thrown before the Ark of God, was perfectly intelligible to the Philistines. The great attention paid by Orientals, to the threshold of holy places and of the abodes of royalty, strikingly illustrates this text, as well as the passage in Ezek. xliii., 8—in which God complains that His holy name has been defiled, by "their setting of their threshold by My thresholds," by which would seem to be conveyed the idea, that idols being placed within His temple, their threshold was identified with His, and the acts of homage there performed by worshippers, were shared by these false gods, instead of being given to HIM ONLY.

In Syria and Persia, mosques and tombs consecrated to the eminent saints there buried, are never entered without prostration on the threshold. Thus in front of the mausoleum of Fatima at Koom are inscribed the words: "Happy and glorious is the believer who shall reverently prostrate himself, with his head on the threshold of this gate, in doing which he shall imitate the sun and the moon." The Persians will even kneel down and kiss the threshold of a sacred place before they venture to cross it, and are extremely careful not to touch it with their feet. In writing to a Sheikh or other venerated personage it is quite common for them to say, "Let me make the dust of your threshold into an ointment for my eyes." How additionally sacred to the Philistines would be the threshold where had rested the head and hands of their consecrated deity; and we can readily understand why "neither the priests of Dagon, nor any that came into Dagon's house," trod upon the *threshold* of his temple after that day.

Small Sized Orators.

When a man impersonates the idea or fanaticism of a nation or of an age, physical disadvantages are of little account. A tenderness is felt for the fragile vessel which holds the inestimable treasure. So Robespierre's words were hung up in the hall of the Jacobins. So even Lord John Russell was a popular hero in the days of the first Reform Bill. Sydney Smith, indeed, tells us that Lord John's smallness was a subject of much mortification and some complaint among the farmers of Devonshire when he asked for their votes. They had expected to see a son of Anak and were disappointed with the reduced scale of humanity which was paraded before them. Sydney Smith, however, proved equal to the occasion. Lord John, he told the Devonshire grumblers, was naturally much bigger, but had been reduced by his labors in the cause of Reform.

BY THE SEA.

Come out to the side of the sea, my love,
Come out to the side of the sea;
The sun is set, and the stars are met,
And the winds and the waves agree;
But star so bright nor wave so light
Brings pleasure or peace to me;
Oh, come, for I sit and wait, alone,
On the rocks by the side of the sea!

I am going down in my memory,
To the blessed long ago,
When the golden ground of the buttercups
Was dashed with the daisies' snow;
And I'm thinking of all you said to me,
And if it were true or no,
While I watch the tide as it runs away
From the beach so black and low.

If I should die, my love, my sweet,
Die of your smile forlorn,
Bury me here by the side of the sea,
Where all my joy was born;
Where the waves shall make my lullaby,
And the winds from night till morn
Shall say to the rocks, "He has gone to sleep
Where all his joy was born."

Are the Negroes Religious?

A recent article in *Putnam's Magazine* by Miss Elizabeth Kilham, who appears to have been a teacher or manager of one of the Freedman's schools, discusses the question of the religious character of the negroes.

She describes in the first place a negro meeting, which closed as follows:—

"During the singing of this hymn, the excitement, which had been gradually increasing with each change in the exercises, reached its height. Men stamped, groaned, shouted, clapped their hands; women shrieked and sobbed, two or three tore off their bonnets and threw them across the church, trampled their shawls under foot, and sprang into the air, it seemed almost to their own height, again and again, until they fell exhausted, and were carried to one side, where they lay stiff and rigid like the dead. No one paid them any further attention, but wilder grew the excitement, louder the shrieks, more violent the stamping; while through and above it all,—over and over again,—each time faster and louder,—rose the refrain, 'Jesus said He wouldn't die no mo!'

"A fog seemed to fill the church; the lights burned dimly, the air was close, almost to suffocation; an invisible power seemed to hold us in its iron grasp; the excitement was working upon us also, and sent the blood surging in wild torrents to the brain, that reeled in darkened terror under the shock. A few moments more, and I think we should have shrieked in unison with the crowd.

"We worked our way through the struggling mass, sometimes pushed and beaten back by those who, with set eyeballs and rigid faces,—dead, for the time, to things external,—were not conscious what they did. With the first breath of cool night air upon our faces, the excitement vanished; but the strain upon the nervous system had been too great for it to recover at once its usual tone. More than one of the party leaned against the wall, and burst into hysterical tears; even strong men were shaken, and stood trembling and exhausted."

Miss Kilham concludes as follows:

The question is frequently asked of teachers of freedmen,—that is, it is so far a question that it terminates in a mark of interrogation, but is really an affirmation with an upward inflection, to which an assent is expected as a matter of course: "You find them a universally religious people, do you not?" I know that the answer, according with the honest belief, is generally, "Yes," and I know that I shall place myself in a small and unpopular minority by answering, "No;" yet, in reviewing my observations and experience, that is the only answer I can truthfully give.

Before going among the freedmen, I held in common with others, the idea that they were naturally religious, and that there was both reality and depth in their religious life. "Perfect through suffering," "purified in the fires," were in our minds; and we judged that they who had so greatly suffered must needs be thereby greatly purified, and raised to a higher plane of religious life than we had attained. It seemed that those over whose heads "all the waves and the billows" of sorrow had closed in overwhelming flood, must have laid firm hold upon the only anchor that could sustain them; that those whose very souls were scorched by the "fiery trial" that tried them, must have drank deep draughts of the "Water of Life," to soothe their agony; that they, who could call nothing on earth their own, must have laid up for themselves abundant treasures in Heaven. And so thinking, we forgot that faith is born of knowledge, and that this was withheld *from* them; we forgot that their inability to read made the truths and teachings of the Bible a dead letter to most of them; that the only instruction they received was from men ignorant as themselves, who jumbled together words and phrases only half caught and not at all understood, in one mass of senseless jargon; and that all their ideas of religion were gathered in noisy meetings, where those who shouted the loudest and jumped the highest, were the best Christians.

Our sympathy overruled our judgment, and led us into a great mistake in our work. In everything else we strove to teach and elevate the freedman; in this, most important of all, we sat humbly down to be learners instead of teachers. The managers of the societies had the same idea, and frequently, when teachers lamented the loss of church privileges, would say, "Why, you can go to the colored churches can you not?" never, apparently, suspecting that there might be any lack of food, mental or spiritual. It was a mistake born of reverence and humility, but nevertheless a mistake, and one that cannot now be remedied; for the moulding stage of freedom, when these people were as wax in our hands, has passed. By our presence and silence we sanctioned their extravagances; and they stand now self-confident, proof against remonstrance and instruction.

The question, "Are the colored people truly and deeply religious?" resolves itself into several questions, which, considered separately, answer this, I think, conclusively.

Can an ignorant religion ever be a high type of religion? Many of these people are undoubtedly sincere; but the majority of them were ignorant as heathens of the objects and foundation of our faith. As one proof of this, I never met one of the freedmen, no matter what their life and character, who did not claim to be a Christian, hoping to "meet de face ob Heaben in peace." Other teachers, who have been much among them, have found it the same, and one of the most discouraging features in attempting to make any impression upon them. Opposition may in time be overcome; smiling acquiescence is almost hopeless. Easy assurance is the perfect fruit of utter ignorance, and one of its surest proofs.

"Is noisy excitement a proof of religious feeling?" Yet this is almost the only way in which the religion of the colored people manifests itself. It is very easy to stamp and groan, and shout glory; not so easy to learn understandingly what glory means, and the way to obtain a "good hope" of it. It is easy to call, "jes' now, Lord, come jes' now," without the slightest idea of how the Lord they call upon, does really come, and dwell in the believing heart. It is easy to do and say almost anything in the excitement of a crowd, and what is so said and done, cannot be taken as the genuine feeling of the heart, nor as any proof of the life. The children in our schools would tell us sometimes: "Hetty, or Milly, or Tom, done got 'ligion las' night;"—that is, they were so worked upon by the excitement around them, that they screamed and stamped (having the power they call it), until worn out, they were carried home exhausted and fainting. But that was religion as they understood it, and these children had got it.

Is the habitual use of religious expressions a proof of real religion? The colored people constantly use such expressions, and this, I think, more than anything else, misled those who were unaccustomed to them. But it will be asked, Are not such expressions prompted by religious feeling? Generally, I think not. Why do they use them, then? From habit. A person may not be the least a hypocrite, and yet use such expressions without thought or meaning. I have heard children on their way to school say, "I ain't late dis morning, bress de Lord;" or boys at play, "I didn't loss dat ar marble, tank de Lord fer dat." What prompts these expressions? They repeat what they hear their elders say, and these again speak after the fashion of their people.

Is regular attendance at church proof of religious feeling? Not generally among the colored people. It must be remembered that religious meetings were the only change their life in slavery afforded; in fact, their one amusement. What wonder that they flocked to them; and that the pent-up feelings and emotions found here the expression that was denied elsewhere. But they go to the evening meetings, stamp, shout, have the "power" and get "religion," and the next day fight, and swear, and steal, as they did before, without apparently the slightest recollection of last night's excitement; and at the next evening meeting they will go through the same exercise, with precisely the same results.

But, it is asked, are there no Christians among them? Undoubtedly. There are many who seem to have been directly taught of God, and who show the fruits of that teaching in their lives; but I have invariably found them among the quieter ones. Said an old woman, one of the "poor of this world, rich in faith:"

"Honey, I don't say dat ar ain't all right, but I can't feel ter do it. I used ter do it, an' I ra'ally b'lieved it was de Holy Spirit moving me; but one day I war in a heap o' trouble, 'peared like nuffin' didn't gib me no comfort, an' I prayed to de Lord to comfort me himself; an' 'peared like nuffin' spoke right in my heart, soft an' quiet like, an' I 'membered how de Lord war not in de whirlwind, nor in de storm, but in de 'still, small voice;' and I knowed dat ef He spoke ter us wid a still voice, He want us ter speak ter Him de same way. So, honey, sence dat ar time I never feeled one bit like hollerin' or stampin'."

And so I have almost invariably found it with those who were Christians in heart and life, as well as in profession.

One strong argument against the idea of natural religious feeling in the colored people, is the fact, that as they become educated, it generally decreases. The reaction from excitement to indifference, is natural and sure, and as the circumstances of their lives change this feeling is weakened. Those who have been always, or for many years, free, manifest little of such disposition.

Manners.

Don't be disturbed if you find the best seats in a railroad-car taken. As no one knew you were coming, of course, they did not reserve one.

Should you purchase your ticket at the office a small saving is the result, besides avoiding the hindrance of making change which many conductors dislike to do.

Have your ticket in your hand. Conductors haven't always the time to wait till the portmonnie, pocket and travelling bag are searched, before receiving it.

We once saw a lady, when the conductor demanded her ticket, dive to the lowermost depth of her pocket, then to the same depth of her travelling-bag, where she clutched something frantically, and, in blind haste, handed the waiting official a fine-tooth comb, supposing it to be her ticket, which she afterwards found in the folds of her garments.

When a car is crowded don't fill a seat with your bundles. True politeness is not amiss, even amid the confusion and bustle of a public conveyance.

If an open window proves uncomfortable to another you will close it.

Whispering in church is impolite. Besides showing disrespect to the speaker, it is extremely annoying to those who wish to hear. Coughing should be avoided as much as possible. Sleeping, with its frequent accompaniment, snoring, had better be done at home.

Violent perfumes, especially those containing musk, are offensive to many people, and to some positively distressing. Don't scent yourself when going to any crowded assembly. Beecher says "there is no smell so universally pleasing as no smell."

When the postmaster hands your mail to you, don't ask him if "that is all."

When he says there is no mail for you, don't reply tartly "there ought to be," nor ask him to look again.

"If you have a box, don't stand drumming on it till the postmaster hands you the contents. Such manifestations of impatience are unpleasant, especially if he is waiting upon somebody else.

Finally, at all times and in all places, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them," for these simple words are the basis of all true courtesy.

A GLOOMY LITTLE TALE.

BY F. W. ALEXANDER.

There was a little maid,
  She had a little bonnet,
She had a little hand
  With little rings upon it!
This pretty little maid,
  She thought it was her duty
To call in every aid
  To ornament her beauty!

This very little maid,
  O, she was plump and rosy,
Bewitchingly arrayed
  In a little velvet josy;
And when she was all dressed
  In a little hat and feather,
Her little feet were pressed
  In little boots of leather!

This charming little maid,
  She had a little lover;
Though she was very small,
  He was not a bit above her!
Sure such a little pair
  Were never seen together
As they went to take the air
  In the pleasant summer weather.

But little dreams of love
  Oppressed this little lover;
He did his little best
  Her feelings to discover!
Alas! this little maid
  Had little love of sighing,
And gave a little laugh
  When he would talk of dying!

At last his little heart
  Was swelled almost to bursting,
Of all upon this earth
  He thought Love was the worst thing!
His little head conceived
  A little plan consoling—
He tied a little cord
  In a little knot called "bowline."

Around his little neck
  This little noose was catching,
He kicked away the chair
  When nobody was watching!
A little gasp for air,
  A little stir and trembling,
His little body hung,
  A little corpse resembling.

This rosy little maid,
  O, she grew pale with terror
When she knew the little end
  Of her venial little error,
For she loved the little man,
  With his little paper collar,
And only kept away
  To see if he would follow.

This lovely little maid!
  She tried a little weeping,
And sought her little bed
  To soothe herself by sleeping,
When suddenly she heard
  Her chamber door unlocking,
And saw a little ghost
  Walk in with little knocking.

This fearful little ghost!
  He made a little gesture,
She left her little couch,
  With very little vesture;
And through the open door
  The little pair together
Passed down into the street,
  Though it was chilly weather.

This pretty little maid
  Has been condemned to follow
That awful little ghost
  With his shadowy paper collar!
Until this little world
  And all its little beauties
Are called to give account
  Of all their little duties.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE LAST AND FINAL WILL.

In the comfortable compartment of a first-class carriage, one of a train that was on its way to Chilling, sat Major Dawkes. It was not a cold day by any means, for spring sunshine lay on the earth, wooing the hedges to start into bud, the flowers to blossom; but Major Dawkes liked to travel warmly, and a rich fur wrapper, lined with wool and scarlet silk, lay on his knees. His cheeks wore their usual bloom, his whiskers were of the same old purple richness, and the Major was decidedly getting plump; but he composed his countenance to a grave sadness befitting the occasion, for he was hastening down to his wife's death-bed.

At least, he would have told you he was hastening—as he did incidentally tell the old lady and gentleman seated opposite to him in the carriage—for he was rather given to indulge in little boasts of fiction. But the real fact was, that instead of hastening down, he had so contrived to retard his movements, that the closing scene would in all probability be over before he arrived. Which was what he secretly wished.

Mrs. Dawkes had lingered longer than was expected by herself, by her medical attendants, or by any one about her. Strange somewhat to say, with the cold weather of the winter she had rallied a little. If it could not be said that she grew materially better, at least she did not appear worse; her progress to the grave seemed to have made a halt—to have become for the time stationary. But the life she led was not any the less secluded; with the exception of the doctors and Mr. Rufort, she scarcely saw any one; visitors to her were, she acknowledged, utterly distasteful. The former restlessness of mind and manner had subsided, and given place to a still calmness. Very peacefully did she seem to wait for the coming death. Nay, to welcome it.

In February Mrs. Kage died. Keziah Dawkes, who took upon herself the ordering of matters, let her be buried without any needless ceremony; neither Major Dawkes nor Thomas Kage was invited to attend the funeral. Caroline seemed not to care one way or the other, and did not interfere; her poor mother was "better off," she said to Mr. Rufort, and it seemed to be her whole feeling in regard to it. So Keziah had it all her own way. Later, Mrs. Dawkes began herself to droop again; and when it became apparent that the end was close at hand, Keziah sent up a telegram to her brother. The Major telegraphed back to say he was on duty, but would get away as immediately as he could. He had always made "duty" a standing plea of excuse. Quietly suffering two days to elapse, the Major then went down.

The first person he saw at Chilling station was Mr. Carlton of the Hall: quite a young man in activity still, in spite of his more than seventy years. He happened to be on the platform when Major Dawkes alighted. The latter (privately wishing him a hundred miles off) went up with outstretched hand and a face as long as a walking-stick, mournfully hoping his dear wife was better.

"She is dead," said Mr. Carlton, privately believing just as much and as little of the displayed concern as he chose.

"Dead! My wife dead!"

"She died at five o'clock this morning, Major Dawkes. So you are somewhat late, you see. Some of us thought you might have been coming earlier."

"Duty," groaned the Major, bolting into the only fly waiting. "Dear me! Bernard, see to my portmanteau."

Keziah, gray in face as ever, but intensely calm, received him in one of the smallest and smugest sitting-rooms. He went through the same farce here—the plea of "duty." *She* believed just as much as she chose; but she held his hand in hers, and murmured her heartfelt thanks that he, her ever-beloved brother, was free at last.

"Got any of the brown sherry up, Keziah?"

"Yes, dear."

"I'll take some."

Miss Dawkes went and brought it in herself. The Major drank two glasses of it at once, Keziah fondly watching him.

"All's right, I suppose, Keziah?"

"All is quite right. But I don't exactly know what you mean."

"She expressed no wish at the last about the property, I suppose?"

"None. It was the same as usual to the last hour of her life—utter indifference to all worldly things. She never mentioned her property at all; I feel sure she did not so much as think of it."

"All's mine, then."

"Everything, Barby dear, *everything*."

The Major tossed off another glass of the famous brown sherry—the same that Mr. Canterbury in his life-time used to boast of. Major Dawkes's head was strong; a few glasses more or less of good old wine made no difference to him.

"You see now the utility of my taking care that Caroline had no opportunity of making a will, Keziah. She might have got bequeathing some of her money to those Canterbury women."

"As if I should have allowed it!" responded Keziah. "Barnaby, it is an *immense* inheritance."

The Major smacked his lips; partly at the sherry, partly at the suggestive thought. He liked to be reminded that he was a millionaire.

"You shall have a share in it, Kez. I shall set you up in comfort for life. This is real property, you see; what I came into when I married was but a limited income."

Keziah smiled. "Limited!"

"Well, it *was;* in comparison. The bulk of the property lay in Kage's hands then, as the child's trustee. I wonder what he'll think now—hang him! Have you seen anything of the fellow lately?"

"No. He has not been down since that one visit. When Mrs. Dunn went up to her house in London for Christmas, she took the Miss Canterburys with her; and they have not long come back again. Lydia Dunn is with them. Kage has written to Caroline two or three times, but she gave me the letters to answer."

"What was in his letters?"

"Nothing much. Inquiries after health, and that. It is all right, Barby; it has all been smooth as glass."

Barby stroked his whiskers complacently. Yes, it had all been smooth, his heart responded, and he was a vast inheritor.

"I wish to goodness that miserable old woman was alive now, Keziah; our ancient aunt. She'd open her eyes at my wealth. Her own, that she grudged me, was a flea-bite by the side of it."

"I wish she was, Barby. 'Twould give her a fit of the spleen."

There was a short pause. Major Dawkes turned and gave the fire a knock with his boot.

"Did she suffer much at the last?"

"O no," was the reply, for Keziah knew he was speaking of his wife. "She drifted out of life very quietly and calmly."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Rufort. Hearing of the Major's arrival, he had come up to see him, having been charged with a note from Mrs. Dawkes. The Major took it wonderingly, perhaps with some inward trepidation; but it proved to be a very harmless missive indeed—merely expressing some wishes about her funeral.

She had first of all expressed them to Mr. Rufort in the presence of Keziah, though Keziah only partially gathered their purport, for she had been engaged at the moment in a wordy war with Fry. Mr. Rufort had suggested to Mrs. Dawkes that she should convey them in a note to her husband; and she so far complied as to pencil down the wishes on paper, put it in an envelope, and direct it to the Major, charging Mr. Rufort to deliver it.

It appeared that she desired the same friends and relatives to attend her funeral who had attended her former husband's—Mr. Canterbury. She wished the Miss Canterburys to be invited to spend the day of the funeral at the Rock—as they had been at the former one—also Mrs. Rufort; and Mrs. Dunn, as she was staying at Chilling. In short, she directed that the arrangements for this funeral, with one notable exception, should be similar to the last that went out of the Rock. Mr. Canterbury had been put into his grave with all the pomp and pageantry of a theatrical show; she was to be taken to it with the smallest ceremony and expense that should be deemed consistent.

Major Dawkes, relieved of any private doubts, was all suavity. Had his late wife wished that the whole parish should be at the Rock that day, he would cordially have invited them.

"Your late wife's wishes appear very simple ones, Major Dawkes; I presume there will be no difficulty put in the way of their being carried out," observed the Rector.

"None in the world," heartily replied the Major.

"She seemed to make a great point of it—the dying have these fancies, you know—and begged me to see them carried out. I told her I could only urge it upon you, Major, and that she had better write to you herself."

"They are precisely my own wishes," spoke the complaisant Major. "Only the half of any wish, expressed by my dear departed wife, I can but look upon as a solemn charge, strictly to be complied with. Perhaps you will oblige me by giving in the list of people yourself, Mr. Rufort; I was not at Mr. Canterbury's funeral, and might make a mistake over it."

But, in one sense, he had been at Mr. Canterbury's funeral. For he had watched the pageant along the road, and made his comments. The recollection flashed into his mind now, bringing a flush to his face. His hopeless condition then, and his flourishing state now, were indeed a strange contrast.

"Who conducts the funeral?" he asked, turning to Keziah.

"I have given no orders," she replied. "I waited for you."

"I wonder who conducted Mr. Canterbury's?"

"I can tell you about that," said the Rector. Young Mrs. Canterbury was inexperienced; and at her request Norris, the solicitor, undertook all the trouble of it, transmitting her wishes himself to the proper quarters. Of course he charged for his time."

"Then I think Norris had better undertake this one," spoke the Major, in a fit of liberality. "You can write to him, Keziah."

In his anxiety that things should go smoothly, that all unpleasant reminiscences of the past should be kept down, as well as reflections on the present Major Dawkes was eagerly desirous that these wishes of his wife's should be carrried out to the letter. A conviction darted across him that it would be anything but agreeable to have the Canterbury family at the Rock on the day of the funeral, and he would very much indeed dislike the presence of Thomas Kage; but there was no help for it. If he refused compliance, how could he tell that something would not be made of it?—tongues were so venomous; and the very idea of any inquiry or unpleasantness turned him sick with an undefined fear. Refuse concession in this little matter, and people might but ask how he had come into all the money, and what right he had to it. No; the very consciousness that it might be suspected he had wished for his wife's death, made him all the more scrupulous, if only from prudential considerations, to carry out her wishes to the extreme letter. Had they been transmitted to him in private, he would simply have put them and the paper they were written on into the nearest fire; but they came publicly, through the Honorable and Reverend Austin Rufort.

"I should have refused, Barnaby, had I been you, remarked Keziah, as she finished the note to Mr. Norris, after they were left alone. "It will be frightfully disagreeable to have the Canterbury family here."

"You are a fool, Keziah."

"For myself I don't mind; but I am sure you will not like it, Barby, dear, she resumed, passing over in silence the compliment to herself.

"Don't you see there was no help for it?"

"Yes, there was. You are now sole master here, and need fear no one."

"I don't know about fear," said the Major, dreamily. "One likes to stand well in the world's opinion. The invitation must be given to them, and Kage also; but I should think the Canterburys will not accept it. They must feel that they have no business here, and will be quite out of place. How she came to think of so foolish a thing, is beyond me to imagine."

"Some idea of respect to their father and to them must have been floating in her weakened head, poor creature," surmised Keziah." "She was Mr. Canterbury's wife once, and would not have his daughters quite ignored at her funeral. I wish the day was over. Barnaby, if I were you I should let the Rock."

"I shall sell it," said the Major, improving upon the suggestion. "If I can get my price for it."

He rather wished with Keziah that the funeral-day was over; and it was fixed for an early one. The presence of those ladies and of Thomas Kage would no doubt a little put him out of ease. But it could not last more than its appointed hours, and he determined to make the best of it; and act the host with courteous grace. The anticipation did not disturb him; he was in too gracious a mood for that. His golden dreams were at last realized, and with the death of his wife all tormenting dread had passed away. This magnificent mansion and its magnificent revenues were his; his only, as Keziah said; it was a costly nugget to have come into: and that there could be any doubt that he *had* come into it, never for the faintest shadow of a moment crossed Major Dawkes's mind.

Once more a stately funeral issued from the Rock. In one respect Major Dawkes ignored his dead wife's commands, and abandoned the simplicity she had expressed a wish for. If the funeral procession was not quite of the gorgeous nature that had characterized Mr. Canterbury's, the show was at least sumptuous to look at. In a coach all to himself, following next the hearse, sat the bereaved Major, blank with all the trappings of woe. In the next were Thomas Kage and Austin Rufort; the latter attending as mourner and relative today, not as pastor. And so on a string of coaches and carriages imposing to the eye.

George Canterbury's daughters had accepted the invitation to the Rock, very much to Major and Miss Dawkes's secret surprise, as well as to that of the neighborhood. The only one of them who had fought against it was Mrs. Dunn. Millicent was passive as usual. Olive decided that they should go. After this day, all connection with the Rock and with the second family would be at an end, she observed; and it was well for the parting to have a peaceful feeling about it. Besides which, it was the last expressed wish of poor Caroline Dawkes, and therefore to be complied with.

So the four sisters, attired in suitable mourning, arrived at the Rock a short while before the hour fixed on for the funeral. They sat in the grand drawing-room—Olive, Mrs. Rufort, Mrs. Dunn, and Millicent. Keziah, in deep black, also was there, playing the hostess. Civility reigned, of course; but, in spite of effort, the conversation flagged, only a remark being made now and then. Once Mrs. Dunn, in her free way, found fault with some arrangement at the lodge, saying their carriage had waited at least three minutes for the gates to be opened. She could not tell, for her part, why they were closed at all.

"The keeper is getting negligent," observed Keziah; "my brother intends to discharge him. There are several alterations and changes he means to make; but he thought it as well to let them be during Mrs. Dawkes's life."

No answer from anybody. Mrs. Dunn had to bite her rebellious tongue though, which had a mind to tell Keziah that the power to make alterations before lay with the Major's wife, not with him.

A weary while it seemed to wait; and, in truth, even Olive wondered why they should have been summoned to the Rock, and thought it was somewhat of a mistake. But the coaches were coming back at last, with their slow tread, bearing the immediate personal friends of the family. The comparative strangers were taken home direct from the churchyard.

As the coaches stopped at the entrance, Major Dawkes (who had been privately hoping nobody would alight) found that every one did alight, and that Norris, the solicitor, was taking upon himself to invite the company to enter. The Major turned rather red, and would have liked to resent the liberty; but, in the face of the gentlemen, could not say he did not want them to come in. While he hesitated, Mr. Norris walked forward, threw open the door of the library—a room scarcely used since Mr. Canterbury's time—and marshalled the people to it; Lord Rufort and his son, Mr. Carlton, and Mr. Kage. Major Dawkes brought up the rear, and politely asked them if they would like to sit down. He could not imagine why they need have entered, or what fit of officiousness had taken Norris.

But Norris had disappeared. Only for an instant, when he came in with the ladies—Mr. Canterbury's daughters and Keziah. They all sat down; and then the lawyer addressed Major Dawkes.

"Shall we proceed now, sir, to read the will?"

Major Dawkes looked at him.

"Whose will?"

"Your late wife's, sir."

"Mrs. Dawkes made no will."

"Pardon me, Major; Mrs. Dawkes executed a will, all in due order. She wrote to me a few days before her death, stating that it would be found in the large drawer of this bureau, quite at the bottom, beneath the old leases and the other out-of-date papers."

The lawyer touched a piece of furniture as he spoke; but the widower smiled with incredulity. The attention of the whole room was aroused, and drawn to Mr. Norris.

"There is no will, I tell you," persisted the Major. "My wife never made one."

"Major Dawkes, she *did*."

"When and where?"

"In this house, some months ago," replied the lawyer. "I made it."

Miss Dawkes half rose from her seat. Her gray face had a scornful look on it; the gruffness of her voice was unpleasantly perceptible.

"Mrs. Dawkes made no will in this house; I can take upon myself to assert it; and you never were here, Mr. Norris."

"I beg your pardon, madam. I came here and took Mrs. Dawkes's instructions for a will. When it was prepared, I came again, and brought witnesses with me to attest her signature."

The words were spoken so calmly, in so matter-of-fact a tone, that the Major was startled. He turned a look, full of evil, upon his sister.

"It is false!" she cried, utterly refusing credence. "It is a conspiracy concocted amongst the Canterbury family to deprive you of your rights, Barnaby. I will pledge myself to the fact that Mrs. Dawkes made no will: she could not have done so without my knowledge."

"Your not having been cognisant of this is easily explained, madam," returned Mr. Norris. "Mrs. Dawkes became possessed of an idea that she was not quite a free agent in her own house: certainly was not permitted to be so much alone as she desired to be. She therefore retired to the south wing, and caused the baize door to be erected to shut in her apartments. This, so far, is patent to you and to all. Later, when she had occasion to see a friend or two in private, she ordered the small postern-door to be unfastened. It leads direct up to those apartments, and by that means she was enabled to receive her visitors. They were confined however to one or two. That is how I got access to her."

"The postern-door?" gasped Miss Dawkes, after taking in the sense of the lawyer's words with a sickening heart. "What postern-door? I did not know there was one."

"Possibly not, madam. You are, comparatively speaking, a stranger here. The door is hidden by trees, and has never been used of late years."

Major Dawkes, amidst a multitude of feelings that were anything but agreeable, began wondering whether he had ever known of the postern-door. At first he could not decide; but a thought began to dawn over him that he did once hear of this, and had afterwards forgotten it.

"I can assure you Mrs. Dawkes made her will," persisted Mr. Norris.

"And I can assure you she never did," uselessly persisted Keziah.

"The shortest way to settle it is to look in the drawer and see if there is a will," interrupted Mr. Carlton. "Norris told me, coming back in the coach, that I am one of the executors."

"You are," said Mr. Norris; "and Lord Rufort is the other.

Lord Rufort sat still in his chair, too stately to be moved by that, or by any other information; and there was a pause.

"We wait, sir," he said to Major Dawkes.

Major Dawkes was at bay.

"My lord, there is no will. I will equally pledge myself to it with my sister. It will be useless to examine the place."

"As you please, Major Dawkes," said Mr. Norris. "The will was made, and signed, in duplicate: and I took charge of the other copy. 'To guard against possible accidents,' Mrs. Dawkes said. I have it with me."

Major Dawkes foiled, and doubly at bay, searched for the key and opened the drawer. There was the will. He could have gnashed his teeth, but for those around. He sat down, and bit one of the fingers of his black-kid glove.

"She may have left half the money away from me," he murmured in Keziah's ear, dashing his hair from his damp brow.

Mr. Norris opened the deed and put on his spectacles.

The will began by premising that no person whatever was a party to its contents: that it was the testator's own unconnselled act and deed, biassed by a sense of justice alone. There were a few legacies to servants and friends; the largest was one, fifty pounds a-year, to the nurse Judith for her life, and at her disposal afterwards; and there was a command that the remains of her little boy should be brought from the cemetery at Brompton, to be finally laid by herself and his father.

Mr. Norris then cleared his throat, and the Major turned red with expectation.

"I bequeath this mansion, the Rock, and all that it contains,—plate, furniture, books, pictures, together with the lands and revenues pertaining to it,—to Olive Canterbury, absolutely. I bequeath the whole of the money of which I may die possessed, the remainder of the lands, the houses (save and except the Rock) to the four daughters of my late husband, George Canterbury, to be shared by them in equal portions. I bequeath to Thomas Kage my gold watch and chain, with the locket, key, and seal attached; and I beg him to accept them as a token of gratitude for his unvarying kindness to me and his solicitude for my best welfare. And I bequeath to my present husband, Barnaby Dawkes, the sum of five-and-twenty pounds, wherewith to purchase a mourning-ring, which he will wear in remembrance of my dear child, Thomas Canterbury."

Such, shorn of its technicalities, was the substance of the will.

An intense silence prevailed in the room. The surprise of all present was so great, that every tongue was tied. Only with their eyes did people look at each other, and seemed to question whether it was a dream.

Major Dawkes sat, a pitiable object to look upon, like unto a man who has received his death-blow. Suddenly the perspiration, great drops of it, began breaking out on his livid face. Was it the fact of his entire disinheritance, or the peculiar allusion to Thomas Canterbury, that caused his face to wear that deathly hue? He was a ruined man: yesterday he stood on a high pinnacle, vaunting his wealth and position: to-day he was hurled from it, and hurled from it forever.

He felt reckless. "I dispute the will!" cried he, in his desperation. "Mr. Norris," "you will take my instructions preparatory to setting it aside."

Mr. Norris smiled. "You forget that I am solicitor to the Canterbury family.—I presume I may say so much?" he added, turning to Miss Canterbury.

Olive bowed.

"Why, you might just as well tell the sun not to shine, as attempt to set aside a plain will like that, Major," cried Mr. Carlton. Though I sympathise with your disappointment, Dawkes," he added, "I cannot imagine how you could have so mortally offended your wife, as to be cut off with nothing."

"Very strange indeed," remarked Lord Rufort. And "Very strange indeed!" murmured everybody else, with the exception of the lawyer and Thomas Kage.

Mr. Rufort stepped forward, and held out a small parcel towards Mr. Kage.

"It is the legacy mentioned in the will," said he; "the watch and chain. Mrs Dawkes gave it into my charge to convey to you."

And Thomas Kage rose and took it, a vivid flush of bygone recollections dyeing his face.

"I wonder you had not a better memento than that; a good thumping sum of money, for instance," exclaimed the unceremonious Mr. Carlton to Thomas Kage. "You were her nearest relative, save her mother; her only relative living. The chronometer is valuable, but counts for nothing as a legacy."

"In legacies from friends we do not look at value, Mr. Carlton," was Thomas Kage's reply, given in a low tone.

But Miss Dawkes, only now beginning to recover her scared senses, could not let the matter rest. She must fight it out to the last.

"When my brother gives it as his opinion that this will has been concocted, he only states what is no doubt the fact. Perhaps *you* were her adviser, sir?" turning sharply on Mr. Rufort.

"Indeed, no," Mr. Rufort quietly replied; "I had nothing to do with the will in any way. Mrs. Dawkes once said to me that her pecuniary affairs were settled, and that is all I ever heard. Had anyone asked me, previous to this hour, to whom her fortune was most likely left, I should have answered, to her husband. I never supposed there was a doubt that he would have it."

"Were you one of the visitors we now hear of sneaking in through the postern-door?" continued the angry lady.

"Certainly not. There was no necessity. I never knew the postern-door had been unfastened. Allow me to remind you, Miss Dawkes, that you invariably made a third at my interviews with Mrs. Dawkes, up to the last," pointedly concluded Mr. Rufort. "Had she wished for any private conversation with me, or I with her, the opportunity was not afforded for it."

True, very true. Keziah drew in her thin lips as she mentally acknowledged it. And oh, of what avail had been all the precaution? Of all moments of Keziah's past life, this perhaps was the most hopelessly miserable.

A general rise to leave shortly took place; to say the truth, neither the Canterbury family nor the Dawkses felt at ease. That this was but a restitution of the justice so long diverted, Olive knew; but it seemed to be harder than it need have been on Major Dawkes. Unless—a suspicion was crossing her mind that she started from with horror; and would willingly have put far away, but that thoughts are not under our own control.

Mr. Norris approached the Major.

"You will be prepared to give up possession at your earliest convenience, Major," he said. "Not at your inconvenience, you know; I am sure Miss Canterbury would not wish that."

And perhaps, of all the shocks he had received during the past half-hour, this practical one was the most startling. Give up possession? Ay, give up possession of all: Major Dawkes's day was over.

It seemed impossible to realize it. Watching the carriages away, through the half-raised blind, it seemed simply impossible that it could be reality. A man of almost unlimited wealth when he rose that morning; his, the fair domain, stretched out far and wide; numerous servants who called him master; carriages and horses at his sole command! And now—all had been dashed down at one fell swoop, and he was—what he was.

Turning to Keziah with a stamp and an evil frown, he cursed her. It was something to have a vent for blame to stand upon. Cursed her want of vigilance, that he said had wrought the mischief.

"Stay, Barnaby," she interposed. "The fault lies with you—if anywhere; certainly not with me. I could not *divine* there existed a private door to the wing; there was no inspiration to tell it me. If you know of it you should have warned me."

Ay. But then his memory had played him treacherously.

"It appears to me to be just one of those unhappy chances of life for which there is

no human prevention," resumed Keziah, her tone low from intense inward pain. "I'd never have failed you, Barnaby, fair play being given me; but how could I combat with shadows that I did not know were there?"

Must he give all up? Was there no possible loophole by which he could right matters again—or at least fight for it? The Major was deeply engaged in this mental calculation when Mr. Norris came into the room. Instead of departing with the others, he had remained to give sundry private charges to Neel, as to the looking closely after valuables. He trusted neither the Major nor Miss Dawkes.

"I have resolved upon my course of conduct," spoke the Major, overcoming his surprise; for he too thought Mr. Norris had departed. "Mrs. Dawkes was, beyond all doubt, insane when she made the will; that is, so mentally weakened as not to be of lucid capacity. On those grounds, I shall dispute it."

Mr. Norris sent Miss Dawkes from the room, saying that he must speak a word to her brother in private. He made the Major sit down, and drew a chair for himself in front of him.

"Look here, Major Dawkes," he whispered in a cautious tone; "your best and only policy will be to give up quietly. I say this for your own sake. Lying down deep in a chest of mine is another paper of your wife's, not a will. She wrote it lest some such contingency as what you speak of should arise. I have not read it; it is signed and sealed; and my word is passed to your dead wife that that paper shall never see the light of day, and that human eye shall never rest on its contents, unless you force it. It contains a full and explicit statement of the causes and reasons for her disinheriting you. I guess what they are; in fact, I gathered them from her, perhaps unintentionally on her part, when she was giving me the directions for her will. I fancy Mr. Kage could say something, and the nurse-girl Judith. This is private information to you. Take my advice: we lawyers have to give such sometimes, you know; and I shall never speak of it to living soul. That paper, in your own solemn interests, must not be dislodged from its resting-place. You, perhaps, know what the consequences will be: it would not be a question of the loss of property then, Major, but of something more. If I speak plainly, it is for your own sake. Make no fight; don't stir up muddy waters."

The Major's eyes were bent on the ground, and his face wore again its livid tinge. But Mr. Norris, accustomed to read countenances, saw that all idea of opposition was perforce abandoned. Oh, they were bitter—the pills that unhappy sinner had to swallow!

"And you will give up possession, Major. Miss Canterbury said at your convenience; I say do it *soon*. It will be more agreeable for you, I feel sure, to be away from here. What I looked in to say was, that I considered it my duty to place Neel in charge, as it were, of the family valuables and that. This is a very exceptional case, you see, Major Dawkes; so I hope you will pardon exceptional measures. And look here: I have no ill-will to you, heaven knows. Man gets led into all sorts of queer corners thoughtlessly; and if I can do you a good turn, I will. Miss Canterbury is of a noble-generous nature, and I think she'd do something for you, if she were asked. There!"

The lawyer disappeared with the last words, waiting for neither comment nor answer. Major Dawkes sat on, still as a statue, plunging into a vista of the future—a future encompassed about with the stings of remorse and bitter disappointment. What had he gained by that dark deed he had accomplished in secrecy and silence? Not the golden Utopia, the luxurious freedom he had pictured to himself; but poverty, and guilt, and shame. His wife gone—her money gone—the Rock gone—position gone—all the good things were wrested from him for ever! And Major Dawkes started up wildly, and pulled at his hair with vengeful hands, as the thought suddenly flashed over him that, but for that woful deed, he would have been revelling in them yet.

It is often thus. Satan lures us on to commit evil that good may come, and then turns on us with a mocking laugh. Of all men living, perhaps, Major Dawkes was in that hour the most miserable.

CHAPTER XLII.

CONCLUSION.

Thomas Kage had quitted the Rock in the Miss Canterburys' carriage; Mrs. Dunn would go with the Rector and his wife. Scarcely a word was spoken on the way home. The strange event of the day seemed very startling yet.

"Shall I come in?" he asked when he had assisted them to alight. And he spoke it with so much deprecation, that Olive looked at him.

"Shall you!" she repeated; "why should you not?"

"What has passed this morning bars my right to do so—at least, on the previous footing," he continued when they had entered. "Millicent," he added, turning to her, "this is a cruel blow; for it ought, in justice, to deprive me of you. But it is only what I looked for."

"Went now!" cried Olive.

"I possess, by dint of scraping and saving, a thousand pounds laid by in the bank, to purchase chairs and tables. Millicent is now worth, at least, a hundred thousand—how much more, I dare not guess. Can I, in honor, still hold her to her promise to become my wife?"

Millicent Canterbury turned red and white, and hot and sick, and finally burst into tears. Olive, on the contrary, felt inclined to laugh.

"It is the first time I ever heard a rising barrister—looking forward to the Woolsack, no doubt, in his own vain heart—say that a hundred thousand pounds was a thing to reject or quarrel with. Would you have liked it to be a million, sir?"

"Miss Canterbury!"

"Ay, Miss Canterbury indeed! Look at Leta. I daresay she has had her visions, as well as you. The Lord Chancellor and his wig rule England, and she rules the Lord Chancellor, may have been one of her ambitious idealities for the far-off future. No slight temptation to a young lady, let me tell you, Mr. Kage. And now you want to upset it all!"

"It is the money which upsets it."

"Poor child!" cried Olive, advancing and stroking Millicent's hair; "you have cause for tears. He says he will not give you a home now; and I am sure I will not give you one. I won't harbor a rejected and forlorn damsel at the Rock."

"You are making a joke of it," he said; and that she should do so rather jarred upon his very serious mood.

"Of all fastidious men you are the most absurd, sir. I don't suppose it is the first time the accusation has been brought against you."

"What would you have me do, Miss Canterbury?"

"Do!" she echoed, in a changed tone. "Ask Millicent. Money separate you! What next? I never was ashamed of you until now, Thomas Kage."

She left the room; and the next minute Millicent was sobbing on his breast. Separate, indeed!

With a commotion of rustling skirts, and a fierce bang, in came Mrs. Dunn, who had chosen to alight at Thornhedge Villa instead of going on to the Rectory. Millicent was then seated, her face bent over a book (held upside down); Thomas Kage was looking demurely from the window.

"Olive! Where's Olive? I want Olive. Why, Leta, you look as though you had been crying!"

"I!" stammered poor Leta.

"I'm sure it's nothing to cry about," reprimanded Mrs. Dunn, who had not parted with her propensity to set the world to rights. "Poor Caroline Dawkes had been as good as dead so long, that one can't feel it much at last. Don't be stupid, child. Oh, here you are, Olive!"

Olive would have liked them to have a few minutes' conversation to themselves, that they might get reconciled to the new state of things; and she thought Mrs. Dunn was a great marplot. But there was no help for it. Miss Canterbury sat down by Mr. Kage, and began talking.

"Mrs. Dawkes's will, in a different way, is as strange a one as my father's," she observed to him. "Can you account for it?"

"I do not wish to account for it," was the evasive reply of Thomas Kage.

"There's one part I can't account for, and that is why she should have cut off her husband absolutely," put in Mrs. Dunn, tilting her black bonnet off the back of her head. "Who can?"

There was no reply. She had not addressed the question to any one in particular, so an answer was saved. Miss Canterbury was occupied with her jet chain; Thomas Kage had turned to the window again.

"One thing strikes me as being remarkably curious," pursued Lydia Dunn. "That Mrs. Garston at the last altered her will, so that the pittance she left the Major should be paid to him weekly. It was just as though she foresaw what has come to pass, and would secure him from absolute starvation."

"Yes, that was curious," warmly assented Thomas Kage, a strange light in his luminous eyes.

"It strikes me that you know more than you will tell us, Mr. Kage," she rejoined, suddenly.

"That I know more? What of?"

"Why, of the *reason* for Mrs. Dawkes's cutting him off. He was her husband: nobody can deny that. I see you won't admit anything, Mr. Kage. You law-people are closer than wax. But I have my own thoughts about it now and again. Odd ones, too."

"I cannot help feeling sorry for Major Dawkes," observed Olive. "His present position must be a pitiable one. As to its cause—I mean his wife's motive—I do not think we are called upon to speculate upon it, Lydia."

"He'll quit the army—that's a matter of course," went on Lydia. "He and Keziah will club their means together, and go over the water and live. You'll see. He has his four pounds a week; she has about the same. They won't quite starve."

"No, I must take care of that," murmured Miss Canterbury. "I think, with Mr. Carlton, that it is very strange Caroline left nothing to you," she added to Thomas Kage. "I have a suspicion that you prevented it yourself."

"I told her I would not accept it if she did."

"But why?"

"The money, in point of right, was not Caroline's to leave; and what claim had I on Mr. Canterbury's property?"

"A small slice of it would not have been missed."

"Perhaps not," he said; "but I had no claim to a slice, small or large. No; I would not have accepted a shilling."

"Well, you *are* fastidious," cried Olive, looking at him; "chivalrously honorable."

"I think I am only just, Miss Canterbury."

"But, oh, what a strange thing it is, that our own money should have come back to us!" she exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I cannot yet realise it: when I wake up to-morrow morning, I shall not believe it's true. It did not bring altogether luck or happiness to those to whom it was left when papa disinherited his own people."

"Indeed it did not," warmly replied Thomas Kage: and he knew it, far better than she did. "Be assured of one thing, Miss Canterbury: that an unjust will never prospers the inheritors. All my experience in life has proved it to me."

And do you be assured of it also, my readers, for it is a stern truth. Look out for yourselves in life, and mark those cases. Years may go by, all apparently flourishing, justice may seem to have flagging wings; but when the final result shall come—as it surely will—you will see what it brings. Over and over again has the bitter truth been spoken—"It brought no blessing with it."

Summer sunshine lay around the Rock; summer brightness glistened on it. The old family were within its walls again, and wrongs had been righted. There had been no trouble: Major Dawkes had given up early possession, betaking himself off one morning quietly with Keziah at his heels. He was no longer Major now, except by courtesy. As Mrs. Dunn predicted, he had made haste to sell out of the army, never again to re-enter it; and had taken up his residence across the Channel with his sister, on a very fair and sufficient income. Were men generally rewarded here in accordance with their deserts, Major Dawkes might perhaps have confessed to himself that, after all, he was more lucky than he deserved to be.

Not quite all the family back at the Rock who had been turned out of it; for Miss Canterbury alone was left of them. Mrs. Rufort was at the Rectory; Millicent was already on the verge of entering a new home.

For this was the wedding-day—as might be seen by the gay carriages passing to and fro, and the gala dresses within them. In vain Millicent had pleaded for a quiet wedding; in vain Thomas Kage had threatened to run away with Leta beforehand if they were to be subjected to display: Miss Canterbury willed it otherwise. They had had enough of quiet weddings, she said, and decided for a grand one. A gracious mistress, she, reigning in her own birthplace, the Rock; but rather an autocrat still in the matter of taking her own way. And grand it was, especially considering that two lords were at it.

Lord Rufort begged to be allowed to give the bride away. Percival, Earl of Hartledon, invited himself, and came down with Mr. Kage—the two close and confidential friends of many years. Richard Dunn and his wife Sarah came to it; Lydia Dunn was of course there, busier and finer than anybody. Lord Rufort's stiffness had somewhat relaxed of late; for the fortune his daughter-in-law had come into afforded him the most intense gratification.

But the ceremony was over, and the breakfast was over, and the bridal-carriage was at length off amidst its cloud of old shoes. The out-door groups were cheering, the church-bells were ringing.

"Thank goodness, it's at an end," laughed Thomas Kage, as he leaned back in the carriage, leaving the noise and excitement behind. "Leta, I vow I'll never get married again."

"I think one time quite enough," she answered, with a shy laugh, and a blush.

"Farewell to Cuilling," he murmured, three parts to himself; "farewell to all the old reminiscences, sad ones most of them, that the place has wrought into its history. Henceforth we begin a new life, Leta. I trust a happy one."

"I am sure of it," she breathed.

"Ay, yes; with Heaven's blessing."

A very short bridal tour was to be theirs, for Thomas Kage had chosen to get married in the busy season when the law-courts were sitting, instead of waiting sensibly for the autumn. And then the house that had been Mrs. Garston's would receive them, henceforth to be their home.

The sunshine lay, white and calm, on the road; the birds sang, the swallows dipping as they flew; the yellow corn was ripening; the summer flowers threw up their sweet perfume; the trees waved gently against the blue sky; the mountains basked in their hues of light and shade: on all things there seemed to rest a holy gladness, speaking to the heart of peace.

And the horses, spanking along, carried the chariot away in the distance.

THE END.

False Hair.

The price of false hair in England has gone up four hundred per cent. within the last few years, and the amount now used is four times as great, so that sixteen times as much money was spent upon this article of adornment in 1869 as was devoted to it in 1857. Mr. Parkinson—a recent writer on the subject—visited one of the large warehouses devoted to it, in which huge canvas-sacks, each weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, and containing about six hundred heads of hair, were standing unpacked, and he informs us that the contents of each sack gave out a close and fusty smell, suggesting some furrier's establishment where none but coarse and common furs are sold. It seems that gray or white hair is the most valuable, and that false hair which is long as well as gray commands the highest price, being worth as much as two guineas an ounce; whereas, the very best black or brown is priced at from eighteen shillings to a guinea, and the best flaxen at about a guinea and a half. We are glad to hear that no hair-dresser who respects himself will purchase hair which has been cut from the head of a corpse, there being a certain deadness and harshness, which an experienced hand recognises immediately, about all tresses which have not been taken from a living subject. On the question of dyeing, Mr. Parkinson says that male wigs have gone out of fashion, because, where men used to shave the head and wear a wig when they were turning gray, they now dye their hair; and where they are bald they grow a beard, and, if necessary, dye it; the process through which they have to go being very different from that which was in vogue in the days of old, when a man had to sit in seclusion, with his head covered with lime-powder and cabbage-leaves, till his hair changed from gray to black, or sometimes, as happened in the case of Mr. Titmouse, to blue.

Strawberry Rose Trees.

This is a freak of the Parisian florist, and has proved quite successful, producing a pretty novelty. Roses blossoming and strawberries fruiting on the same stem gratifies both sight and taste. In the autumn, a few common roses of good kinds on their roots are planted in pots, at the same time a well-rooted strawberry vine, in good bearing condition, is placed with each rose and planted just beneath the stem of the rose.

It is well known that the runners of the strawberry soon make their own roots, and in due time the runners are cut off, making these cuts as for a scion, and then grafted into the rose stem without cutting the runner from the parent plant in the ground. They should be cultivated with great care to induce the sap upward to the scions, cutting off all blossoms and many leaves from the parent plant. Thus treated, the strawberries will blossom and bear perfect fruit upon the rose tree for some time, and present a most attractive appearance.

THE Quarterly Review, in its recent article on "The Aims of Modern Medicine," finds a spark of genuine truth in the following explanation of recent changes in practice. A student was asked how it is that "fever patients used once to be bled to excess, and are now-a-days supplied with beef and brandy, without so much difference as we might expect being found in the bills of mortality?" The examiner of course expected to hear something about what is called the change of type in disease, but the reply was, "it seems to me that *our patients are much tougher* than we take them for!"

☞ The German translations of Dickens have made his works popular all over Germany. He is always mentioned by his early nom-de-plume, Boz, which the Germans after the analogy of their language invariably pronounce *Bots*. They think the English a strange language, to spell a man's name Dickens and call him *Botz!*

☞ During a late strike of printers at Pesth, the managers of one of the newspapers invited the subscribers to assemble in one large room, where all the manuscripts of which the journal would have been composed, had the printers not rebelled, were read aloud.

The Saturday Evening Post.

FROM "THE PROOF-SHEET."

In the spring of 1821, Robert S. Coffin had attained some reputation as a poet under the *nom de plume* of the "Boston Bard." He had been a compositor in the office of *The Village Record*, at West Chester, Pa., where he wrote some stanzas on "A Blind Girl," which enlisted popular sympathy from the fact of their having been put in type by a blind compositor, daughter of Mr. Miner, then publisher of the *Record*. Mr. Coffin came to Philadelphia and issued proposals for a literary paper to be called *The Bee*. After he procured about two hundred subscribers, the subscription list came into the hands of Charles Alexander, then a recent graduate of Zachariah Poulson's *Daily Advertiser*. Mr. Alexander associated himself with Samuel C. Atkinson, of the firm of Hall & Atkinson* (successors to Hall & Pierie), carrying on the printing business in the office once occupied by Benjamin Franklin, "back of No. 53 Market street." In this office, the firm of Atkinson & Alexander commenced the publication of the Philadelphia SATURDAY EVENING POST, the first number appearing on the 4th of August, 1821—the defunct *Bee* forming the nucleus of the new enterprise. The "Boston Bard" died of consumption a few years afterwards, at his home in Newburyport, Mass., his last hours being passed in revising the proof-sheets of a volume of his poems.

The office back of No. 53 Market street, four or five doors below Second street, was a medium-sized two-story brick, the first floor occupied as a press-room, with two of Patrick Lyon's presses; the second story divided into two composing-rooms, and the attic used as the editor's private quarters.

The original editor of THE POST was T. Cottrell Clarke, who withdrew in 1826 and established the *Ladies' Album*, a weekly literary miscellany, which was subsequently, under the management of Robert Morris, merged into the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*. On the appearance of the *Album*, the POST was enlarged—thus paying a compliment to the energy and talent of its retiring editor, whose new paper promised to prove a formidable rival. Mr. Clarke was succeeded as editor by Morton McMichael, who subsequently became the first editor of the old *Saturday Courier*, and now publishes the *North American and United States Gazette*.

The old office, long since demolished, contained in the second story the identical press at which Franklin had exercised his skill, and which now finds a resting place among the curious relics in the Patent Office at Washington. Over the entrance to the composing-room was this "Warning," for the benefit of meddlesome visitors, probably written by Franklin himself:—

"All you who come this curious art to see,
To handle anything must cautious be;
Lest by a slight touch, ere you are aware,
That mischief may be done you can't repair.
Lo! this advice we give to every stranger:
Look on and welcome, but to touch there's danger."

This paper, even so late as 1831, was worked off with the laborious manipulation of wrist-dislocating ink-balls, and a clumsy beating of forms that brings out the perspiration even to think of, in our roller days; while the crude press of Patrick Lyon and even the improved Columbian and the Washington, taxed the pressman's strength from Friday noon—sometimes all night and far into the next day—to work off what would now be a very moderate edition.

While the advent of a new paper required a supply of new type, the old stock was not melted up, but what was then looked upon as the "old Franklin type" was carefully preserved. One use, and perhaps the latest to which it was put, was in the hands of a reverend compositor, who set up his own translation of the New Testament, the proofs being taken on the old Franklin press. This was the Rev. Dr. Abner Kneeland, a Universalist theologian, an able and popular preacher in that day.

In 1828, Mr. Atkinson became sole proprietor of the POST, and employed Benjamin Mathias as editor, who subsequently became, with Joshua L. Taylor, the founder of *The Saturday Chronicle*. Leaving types for politics, Mathias was elected to the State Legislature, and for several sessions presided as Speaker of the Senate, and was the author of *Mathias's Legislative Manual*—a most useful work. He died a few years since at his residence on Vine street above Tenth. Prominent among the subsequent editors, we may name Charles J. Peterson, Rufus W. Griswold, H. Hastings Weld, and Henry Peterson.

In 1837, the office of the POST was removed from Market street to No. 112 Chestnut street, between Third and Fourth. In 1838, to No. 36 Carter's Alley (the northern end of Dr. Jayne's building now occupies the site.) In 1840, to the second floor of the old *Ledger* building, S. W. corner of Third and Chestnut streets. In 1848, to No. 66 south Third street, over the *North American* office. In 1860, it was removed to its present location, No. 319 Walnut street.

Mr. Atkinson continued the publication until November, 1839, when he sold to John S. Du Solle and George R. Graham. Mr. Du Solle remained connected with the paper but a few months, and was succeeded by Charles J. Peterson—the firm name being George R. Graham & Co. In 1842, these gentlemen sold to Samuel D. Patterson & Co., who, in March, 1848, disposed of the establishment to Edmund Deacon and Henry Peterson, each of whom had previously owned a portion. In 1857, the folio form was abandoned for the present quarto, and the old familiar head was replaced by the more elaborate one of which we present a reduced *fac-simile*.

Under the judicious management of Mr. Peterson, now the sole owner, the POST is enjoying, in its old age, a high degree of prosperity; a large share of which is probably due to the fact that it has been a favorite visitor in thousands of dwellings throughout all the older states for a period lacking but one year of half a century. During this time, many younger literary journals have been united with it. Among these were *The Saturday News*, published by Louis A. Godey & Co.; *The Saturday Chronicle*, by Mathias & Taylor; and *The United States*, published in 1841-'42 by Swain, Abell & Simmons, the founders of the *Public Ledger*.

The POST is the oldest of the Family Newspapers, and for many years had a monopoly of its special field. Nearly all the prominent writers of the country, for the last fifty years, have contributed to its columns, and the reputations of many were established through its agency; but many who glowed with pride as they saw their maiden efforts in its pages, now sleep forgotten in unknown graves.

Of the English authors, Mr. G. P. R. James, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Henry Wood, and others, have contributed to its pages—the last named having written several novels for the POST before the review of "East Lynne" by *The London Times* made her famous. It afforded some amusement in the office of the POST to see the very novels which had been published in its columns, without attracting much attention, brought out afterwards with a great flourish of trumpets in England, and extolled in very high terms, when re-printed in this country, by the critics of the American press. "Thus runs the world away."

Though dealing mainly in light literature, the POST has never sought to be sensational, and while some of the younger papers exceed it in circulation, none are more highly esteemed, or better calculated to promote the pleasure of the family circle.

*Hall inherited the remains of the old Pennsylvania Gazette office, which his grandfather, David Hall, purchased from Franklin in 1766.

Samuel C. Atkinson was unfortunate in business, and in his old age was employed as a journeyman compositor in the office of T. K. Collins, in the building (No. 706 Jayne street) in which The Saturday Visitor is now printed. The writer of the articles, then an apprentice, remembers him as a portly, benevolent looking gentleman, quiet but pleasant, who bore his reverses with a cheerfulness that does not always accompany success. Mr. Atkinson's last newspaper venture in this city was about the year 1845, when he published The Temperance Advocate, in Third street near Dock.

To the Sea-shore.

You go down pale, neuralgic, depressed, feeling life an intolerable burden, skeptical of love, despairing of success, finding all pleasure but a Dea Sea apple of which you have only the ashes, having destroyed even the beautiful outside; you wonder how you drag on from day to night and from night to day without falling into the pit of paralysis or the bewildering maze of madness; and, gloomily, wearily, you saunter down to the beach and watch the waves as they come running in like old friends to greet you. You have not watched them long when you begin to feel a stirring at your heart—a timid peeping forth of placidity and content, that careful culture may in time develope into happiness. You think it would be almost a pity to die, so long as you can stand there and look on the smiling face of the mighty mother—that mother, even more loving than she who bore you, more healing, more patient, more constant! You seem somehow to be losing the obtrusive presence of your anxieties, to be conscious of their fading into the dim distance, whence their poisonous breath cannot reach you; and you think that perhaps, after all, you can overpass that terrible mountain of despair which has risen up so heaven-high before you, and that everything is not quite lost as yet. And so, day by day, and hour by hour, the fresh sea breeze blow away the gloomy cobwebs that have enmeshed you, and leave you freedom and contentment in their stead; till, by the time your visit is ended, you hope again for happiness, and determine to make a bold push for success. You believe in love, you hold to life, and you go back to work with clear brains and rosy cheeks, with a glad heart and renewed courage.

THE treaty looking to the acquisition of St. Thomas seems to be doomed. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations unanimously disapprove it, and their report is likely to be agreed to by the Senate. The San Domingo treaty is not so decisively disapproved, but seems to command small support. One of the strongest objections made to it is that it involves an outlay that cannot be estimated. Another is that we want no more Latin population. ["Latin" is good, considering that three-fourths of the population of San Domingo is said to be negro.]

☞ Some of the fashionable colored ladies of New York, heighten the brilliancy of their complexions by artfully arranged pieces of white court-plaster.

☞ The Congregationalist asks: "Was it malice, fun, or wisdom which prompted the answer of a Sunday-school expert, the other day, to the question, 'What is the best method of distributing library books?' 'Throw nine-tenths of them out of the window?'"

☞ Eighty-nine dozen eggs, given an Illinois minister, at a donation visit, is called "lay activity."

☞ The behavior of Captain Eyre is an outrage upon humanity and a disgrace to the British flag.—*London Times*.

☞ FRICTION MATCHES.—The London Quarterly Review gives 127 known fires as resulting from the spontaneous or accidental ignition of friction matches, and says that one of the largest London Fire Offices, speaking broadly, states that the lucifer match cause it an annual loss of ten thousand pounds!

☞ James Freeman Clarke truly says that "in every Christian denomination there is a minority which does not accept the creed of the body, but remains united with it because it sympathizes with its spirit and likes its methods."

☞ An enterprising journalist got into the secret session of the Œcumenical, as an Eastern bishop in full rig. His Latin betrayed him, and the papal police escorted him to prison. The tailor that made his bishop's robe, was sent to keep him company.

☞ The late Tom Corwin, of Ohio, used to say that Gov. Ritner, of Pennsylvania, told him that he intended, in his first message, to recommend the exclusion from the state of Yankee pedlars, because they sold nutmegs "made out of white pine and basswood, which is good for nothing, for you know, and everybody know, dat the right kind of nutmegs is made out of sassafrax."

☞ Cornelius O'Dowd says that in England a man meets a marvellous energy and "go" that he finds nowhere else. "I, of course, except America," he says, "for with us we work life at a high boiler pressure, but the Yankees do more—they sit on the valves."

☞ William Penn made treaties of friendship and alliance with nineteen distinct tribes of Indians, whose attachment to the Quakers has never been broken.

☞ "My boy, what does your mother do for a living?" was asked of a little barefooted urchin. "She eats cold victuals, sir."

☞ It is dangerous to be "highly spoken of" in Cincinnati. A baby was left at a rich man's door the other night, with a note, saying, "Having heard you spoken very highly of, and also that you was extravagantly fond of babies, I have brought you this treasure."

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
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☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ ALL THE LEADING NEWSPAPERS published in the United States may be found on file at the Advertising Agency of G. P. Rowell & Co., of No. 40 Park Row, New York.

☞ Alexander H. Stevens says that Lincoln's first inaugural address is, next to Jefferson's, the finest composition of the kind ever written.

☞ The subject of reducing letter postage to a uniform rate of one cent, is in agitation, and the discussion makes it probable that the change will be accomplished one of these days.

☞ A girl from the country, uninitiated in the mysteries of hydrants, was engaged as chambermaid by the mistress of one of our fashionable mansions; after which, going down to the kitchen, she exclaimed to the cook, "The lady want to the side of the room and touched the wall and out came the water—*just like when Moses smote the rock.*"

☞ The new bonnets, as a general thing, are larger than those of last season. They quite cover the top of the head, and in some of the most stylish designs the round crown is a feature. Colors are various, but modest, and flowers are used sparingly.

☞ Mary Russel Mitford, in one of her letters in 1820, said: "I write merely for remuneration, and I would rather scrub floors, if I could get as much by that healthier, more respectable, and feminine employment."

☞ A fashionable clergyman in Chicago, warns the sinners of his congregation, that if they don't repent they will go to the "place of eternal uneasiness."

☞ A love-sick youth at Bridgeport, Ct., called at the house of his inamorata a day or two since, at 1 o'clock, A. M., and insisted upon seeing her. Being refused admission, he made such a fuss that a policeman was sent for to remove him. As he went away he apostrophized the cruel fair one thus: "Boo-oo-hoo, you've done it now, you've done it now, Harriet!"

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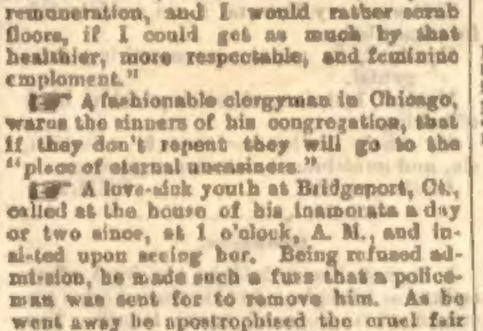

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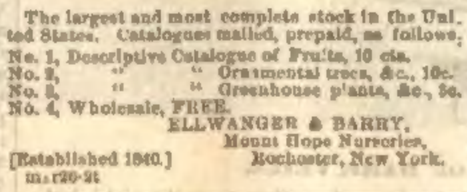

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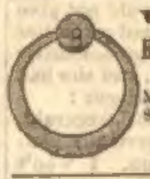
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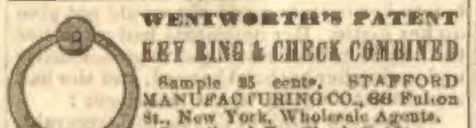
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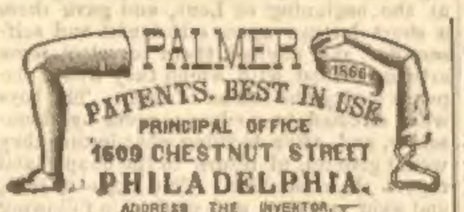

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Mose Skinner in Washington.

I arrived here yesterday, and went directly to the White House to see Grant. My Uncle Joshua used to take all his grandmother's skim-milk as reg'lar as could be—so I have always taken an interest in his family; and since he came into the Presidency, I have regarded him as a sort of adopted relative.

Strange as it may seem, I found the great statesman in, but he was so busily engaged drawing up a petition to Congress to have the Capitol removed to Long Branch, that at first he didn't see me, so I spoke to him.

"Well, Ulysses, my talented Rebellion Crusher, how does she run?" said I.

"Middlin'," he replied, "middlin'. Who are you?"

"Why, you ain't forgotten me?" I inquired. "Oh, Fame! what a hollow mockery thou art! And is it for this," I continued, in a Fetcher voice, "is it for this that I originated and got up a mammoth Peace Jubilee, which excelled in its ramifications every other P. J. in the world, and invited you on purpose to draw the crowd, for I knew you were good for something, Ulysses, and I couldn't bear to see you wasted. Oh! it is too much, a darned sight too much!" and I sunk into a ten-minutes' recess by the window, utterly prostrated.

He soothed me like a petted child. Yes, with a corkscrew and a wineglass did he soothe me, and soon no trace of my deep emotion was visible, except an occasional hiccup.

"Now tell me all about it," said he. "Is the Jubilee over yet? And how is the Coliseum; is she pretty well now?"

I told him the Coliseum was no more.

"Did she die easy?" he inquired. "Tell me all about her last moments."

"Well," I replied, "she passed away without much pain. First, she had a severe attack of wind colic, which somewhat prostrated her, but the doctors built her up with some pieces of the Presidential canvas, till they could draw lots to see who should put her out of her misery; then they had a *post-mortem* examination and found a large bug in her stomach, which I believe was the only thing that kept her alive."

"What kind of a bug was it?" he inquired.

"Humbug," said I.

We chatted awhile on the state of the country, and then I hauled out my recommendations for office, signed by some leading politicians for whom I have done considerable slop-work.

"What kind of an office do you want?" he inquired.

"Well," said I, "I ain't proud. If you've got an empty Collectorship, or a vacant Custom House that needs a guardian who would love it as he would his own flesh and blood, such an one, sir, I think I could get away with. You see, Ulysses," said I, "my Uncle Joshua used to take all your grandmother's skim-milk just as reg'lar as—"

"Oh, bother!" he replied; "I can't do anything for you. The fact is, you must excuse me now, sir; but any time when I'm not at home, I should be perfectly charmed to have you call. Do you stay in Washington long?" he asked.

I told him that my longevity was about five feet nine and a half in my stockings, and that I inherited it from my parents, free from any incumbrance, and it was the only thing I did inherit.

"I myself inherit shortgevity," said he; "and now, sir, good-day. You will no doubt find Washington society dull just now, on account of Lent. Do you keep Lent?" he asked.

"No, I don't," I replied, "but I keep borrowing, and I always thought I should like to borrow of a President, so as to tell my grandchildren of it. A sum as paltry as seventy-five cents would carry out my idea," said I, "if you happen to have it about you."

"No," he replied, "my money keeps Lent, too."

From the White House I strolled into the Treasury building, where they turn out those pretty pieces of green paper with figures on 'em. I told Mr. Spinner, who was busy writing his name on a big pile of one-dollar greenbacks, that I was a Boston drummer, and if he would give me some samples of his different styles of bills, I thought I could sell some for him. "The folks our way like your goods fust rate," said I, "but there ain't no reg'lar place where they can go and get 'em, so the demand exceeds the supply. And if I should make a success of it," I continued, "why not start a branch house in Boston? I've been practising on your name for some time, and I can write it tip-top, though for the present, I am free to confess, that that last curly tail knocks me. Come, what do you say, Spinner? Is it a go?"

He didn't take any notice of me at all, so I went down to the Senate chamber. They were having a very stormy discussion there about passing a bill, but I couldn't make head nor tail out of it. I suppose, though, that some Senator had been passing a counterfeit bill, and they were blowing him up about it. This was too personal to suit me, so I left.—*True Flag.*

The Progress of Opinion.

A Nantucket sea-captain tells the following anecdote about a shipmate who accompanied him on one of his early whaling voyages:

Stiles was a simple-hearted, transparent young fellow; and, when we sailed, had been "paying attention" for some time to a young lady, who, he had reason to think, did not fully reciprocate his ardent feelings. At all events, the parting, on her part, was not so affectionate as he could wish, and he was impressed with the belief that she only kept him as a stand-by, in default of a better offer.

"I don't believe," Stiles would say, with a despondent shake of his head, "I don't believe Ann Jones 'll have me, anyhow."

When we had been out a few months, and had met with fair success, Stiles' tone was modified. The burden of his monologue changed too, "Well, I don'no but what Ann Jones 'll have me, after all."

With a thousand barrels of oil under hatchway, he became still more hopeful. "Chance is pretty good for Ann Jones," he would say, "pretty good now."

At fifteen hundred barrels he had assumed a self-satisfied manner, and soliloquized, "I guess there's no danger but what Ann Jones 'll have me now."

At two thousand barrels—"Ann Jones 'll be glad enough to *get* me now, I know."

SHOCKING RESULT OF DARK VEILS.

We humbly beg this young lady's pardon (who is *really* rather a pretty girl,) but, being short-sighted, we positively took her for a lady of color!

When we cut up the last whale that was to fill the vessel's hold and squared away for home, Stiles threw his hat in the air with a wild Indian yell of triumph, exclaiming—"*I'll be darned if I'll have Ann Jones, anyhow!*"

An Equivocal Apology.

In a certain country town lived two worthy men—neighbors and friends—but they never could agree upon political questions. In dispute one day, one of the disputants lost temper, and called the other a liar, fool, knave, and so on. This was his weakness. He easily lost self-control, then was very abusive, and then repented. On the occasion referred to he was so chagrined at the exhibition he had made of his passion, that he soon called upon his neighbor, penitent, and purposing an apology. We give, in substance, the apology:—

"I am ashamed of myself for being so abusive in my talk to you. To think I should call a neighbor and friend a liar, fool, and knave! I am very sorry, and I have come to apologize. Forgive me. I know not why it is that in my talk with you I lose my temper. But the fact is, you always talk so much like a jackass, I can't help it!"

A Lenten Anecdote.

A clerical principal of an English boarding-school for boys called his pupils together at the beginning of Lent, and gave them a short lecture upon self-denial and self-sacrifice, and advised them to select some article of food with which they would dispense during the season of Lent. The boys were directed to go into a room by themselves, and, after deciding what luxury they would give up, to return to the chapel and report their decision. The boys retired, and soon returned and made the following report:

"RESPECTED PRINCIPAL—I have the honor to report that your pupils have religiously considered the subject submitted to them by your Reverence, and have unanimously voted to dispense with *Jack* during the season of Lent."

BE A WOMAN.

Oft I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty—
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something
Made of hoops, and silks, and airs;
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy rugs and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far,
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brighter star.
If ye, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman! brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind, and soul, and body,
Blend to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman; naught is higher
On the gilded list of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman! on to duty;
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow.
Lend thy influence to each effort
That shall raise our nature human;
Be not fashion's gilded lady—
Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman.

VULGAR ERROR REGARDING TROPICAL VEGETATION.—"It is a vulgar error, copied and repeated from one book to another," says A. R. Wallace, "that in the tropics the luxuriance of the vegetation overpowers the efforts of man. Just the reverse is the case. Nature and the climate are nowhere so favorable to the laborer, and I fearlessly assert that here the 'primeval' forest can be converted into rich pasture and meadow-lands, into cultivated fields, gardens, and orchards, containing every variety of produce, with half the labor, and, what is of more importance, in less than half the time, that would be required at home, even though there we had clear, instead of forest ground to commence upon."

Roman Customs.

Roman men usually went bareheaded, and it was thought to be a mark of effeminacy to wear a hat; as a protection against bad weather they covered themselves with the upper folds of the toga. But the Roman women indulged in very costly head-dresses, among which we find one that proves that there is nothing new under the sun, not even the present style of bonnets. The world certainly moves in a circle, so far as fashions are concerned; and in the little hats no bigger than a man's hand that have adorned the heads of ladies during the past few years, we have simply returned to the Roman fashion plate of eighteen centuries ago. The style of hair-dressing which we call chignon, the Romans called *tutulus*. It was considered a great art to construct this properly, and females served a fixed time as apprentices in order to become expert in it.

Early Training.

An instance of early training, about which there may be some doubts, is to be found among the Barrington family records. A great-aunt of Sir Jonah, vowed to avenge the murder of her husband, who was hanged before her eyes because she would not give up her castle. Her opponents had given her the choice between surrendering her castle and seeing her husband hanged, and she had replied with dignity to the messenger:

"Mark the words of Elizabeth Fitzgerald, of Muret Castle; they may serve for your wife on some future occasion. I won't render my keep, and I'll tell you why. Elizabeth Fitzgerald may get another husband, but Elizabeth Fitzgerald may never get another castle, so I'll keep what I have."

Evidently his great-aunt was a shrewd, practical woman. The result of her answer was that in half an hour her husband was swinging before her gate. She then called up her young son, and showing him his dangling parent, made him swear vengeance on the murderers. The oath having been duly taken, she said to the servants:

"Now take the boy and duck him head over heels in the horse-pond."

Thus the oath and its consequence were fully impressed on his mind, and no sooner had he come to years of discretion than four of the hostile family were missed in one night.

☞ "There's one kind of ship I always steer clear of," said an old bachelor sea captain, "and that's courtship, 'cause on that ship there's always two mates and no captain."

AGRICULTURAL.

How to Choose a Family Horse.

A writer in the London Spectator says it need scarcely be said that a carriage horse is not often pleasant for riding, though conversely it may be improved by it. Practically, therefore, a horse is not likely to do more than one thing well. This extends even to its pace. The high action of a good trotter is often accompanied by a slow, rather mincing walk; but a horse that gallops well is pretty certain to cover ground rapidly in walking. We agree with a "knowing hand" that a "man who is a tolerable horseman had better choose a high couraged horse." A badly bred horse may be often a strong, hardy animal, but it will knock up if it is pushed, while the thoroughbred will go on till it drops.

A thoroughbred ought not to be chosen for pounding along turnpike roads, as its legs will not stand constant hammering. A cob had better be avoided, unless its history is known, as no horse is more likely to be tricky. For several reasons it is better to buy a horse under seven years old. With such a one a reliable guaranty of age can be procured, whereas the horses that are just aged, that is to say, just eight when they come into market, occur in numbers that might baffle a Quetelet. Again, horses are so badly used and so overworked in England, that it is quite uncertain how much strength an eight or nine year horse may retain. As a rule, no animal that has been hacked at such places as Brighton or Oxford ought to be bought. After a year or two of such work the mouth is generally spoiled and the sinews of the leg gone.

Some persons consider color an indication of temper, and distrust a bright chestnut. We believe that the rule is sound, but the exceptions are numerous. The eyes and ears of a horse when it is first led out, when its mouth is handled, when a whip is shaken near it, and when it is backed, are much better criteria of anger no less than of fear, and are easily recognized. A horse sometimes overhangs its fore legs, so to speak. This is a dangerous fault, as the centre of gravity, being too far forward, the beast is likely to stumble. A horse with its belly "tucked in," as it is called, that is to say, going up backwards, as in a griffin—a fault more common in carriage horses than in hacks—feeds and fattens badly, and will wear out rather sooner than another. Ladies and Cockneys are a little apt to admire thin chested, spindle shanked horses. Of course this is a mistake.

DOORS AND GATES.—A correspondent of the Journal of Agriculture in advocating proper fastenings for open barn doors and gates, says that more than half the wear and tear of barn doors comes from slamming, and that when a boy he came very near being killed by a barn door which was closed with great force by a gust of wind. The cattle had knocked down the prop which had been placed against it when opened.

Difference in the Quality of Eggs.

The Journal of Agriculture says, though most farmers keep fowls and raise their own eggs, there are many who have not learned the difference there is in the richness and flavor of eggs produced by well fed hens, and those from birds that have been half starved through our winters. There will be some difference in the size, but far more in the quality. The yolk of one would be large, fine colored and of good substance, and the albumen, or white, clear and pure; while the contents of the other will be watery and meagre, as in the parent fowl, to properly carry out and complete the work nature had sketched. In order, therefore, to have good eggs, the fowls should be well fed, and also provided, during the months they are unable to come to the ground, with a box containing an abundance of fine gravel, that they may be able to grind and prepare their food for digestion. Of eggs, those from the domestic hen are decidedly the best, but those of ducks and geese may be used for some of the purposes of domestic cookery.

Importance of Good Seed.

To illustrate the importance of high culture and thoroughbred seed, I will mention an instance that has come under my notice the present season. Mr. David Wentzell, of Salem, has two acres of onions, to which he applied fifteen cords of muscle-mud of the the first quality, and twenty-five cords of well-rotted stable manure, measured as thrown lightly into the cart without treading, and probably equal to eighteen cords trodden. He sowed the very best quality of known thoroughbred seed on an acre and three-quarters, then sowed seed grown by a neighbor, of as good quality as the average used; not having quite enough, he bought more at a seed store to finish the field. All came up equally well. On the part sown with thoroughbred seed there is scarcely an imperfect onion, and the crop is the largest in the vicinity. On the part sown with good seed, the onions are ten days later, of inferior quality, and less quantity, and valued at twenty-five per cent. less than the first. On the part sown with seed from the store, (which probably was of about the quality usually in the market,) the onions were still later, of much worse quality, and less quantity, and valued at fifty per cent. less than the first. Any one walking across the field could tell at a glance, and to a row, where the different qualities of seed were sown.

Here, then, is an instance where a field of onions, under very high cultivation, was treated every part exactly alike, except in the quality of seed sown. The thoroughbred seed yielded the value of one hundred and fifty bushels per acre, more than the average quality of seed generally used by farmers who grow their own, and three hundred bushels per acre more than the average quality of seed sown in the market. This estimate is made while the crop is yet in the field, and six hundred bushels of onions, of the first quality, is not an over estimate of the product per acre from the thoroughbred seed.

I have no doubt that the careful selection for seed, year after year, is just as important and profitable in all other vegetable and grain crops as it has been shown to be in the case of the onion crop just cited. The raising of seed may be made profitable, provided the grower conscientiously offers none for sale that is not true to description, and of the best thoroughbred quality, grown from selected stock, years in succession. A few years of such business would secure a reputation worth a fortune, for seed will always sell at very high prices.—*Mr. Ware's Address at Essex Co. Fair.*

RECEIPTS.

RE-COOKING COLD SALT BEEF.—The remains of cold boiled beef are very good made into potted meat for breakfast. Half fresh meat should be used with it. Also, a cottage pie makes a nice luncheon dish, made entirely of the cold beef. We have had a kind of hotch potch made of it, the beef being cut in small pieces, and put with plenty of vegetables and some stock to warm, and served up in a tureen. N. N.

APPLE PUDDING.—Set as much stale bread in the oven as will make a pint of crumbs. When it is brittle enough to roll, remove, and roll very fine. Take four medium-sized tart apples, pare, quarter, and core, cutting each quarter into four pieces by cutting it in two, both lengthwise and crosswise. Then take one quart and a gill of new milk, the *yolks* of four eggs, one cup of sugar, butter the size of an egg, melted, a little salt, and spice to your taste. Beat the butter, eggs and sugar together, and stir in with them all the other ingredients. Bake in the same dish in which it goes to the table, unless brought to the table in small dishes. Before removing from the oven, beat the *whits* of the eggs with a half cup of sugar to a stiff froth and spread over your pudding, and when "set," remove from the oven. To be eaten, when nearly cold, with cream.

APPLE JONATHAN.—Pare, quarter, and core enough tart apples for two layers over the bottom of a deep, square pie-tin, cutting each quarter in two, sprinkle with a little sugar. Then take one coffee-cupful of sour cream, one of buttermilk, a teaspoonful of saleratus, a pinch of salt, and flour enough to make a batter as stiff as will pour. Stir all well together and pour over the apples, and bake until done. Turn out of the baking tin on to a platter, and serve with cream and sugar.

STEAMED BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.—Place slices of bread and butter in the bottom of a pudding dish, a layer of sliced apples with sugar and nutmeg, another layer of bread and butter, then one of apples, sugar and spice, until the dish is full, having bread and butter at the top, buttered side down. Cook thoroughly in a steamer.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 74 letters.
My 1, 70, 62, 15, 58, 20, 40, 36, 14, 50, 74, is the title of a poem by Tennyson.
My 7, 11, 17, 33, 47, 21, 73, 16, 42, 2, 49, 26, 34, 63, 69, 13, 28, is the title of a poem by Longfellow.
My 24, 62, 67, 10, 57, 23, 45, is the title of a poem by Byron.
My 12, 25, 54, 39, 66, 42, 14, 44, 43, 56, 26, 18, 70, is the title of a poem by Pope.
My 3, 55, 28, 22, 59, 73, 63, 27, 5, 41, 60, is the title of a poem by Tupper.
My 4, 9, 43, 65, 71, 31, 69, 28, is the title of a poem by Longfellow.
My 48, 30, 8, 6, 70, 20, 64, is the title of a poem by Whittier.
My 61, 33, 40, 67, is the title of a poem by Whittier.
My 53, 17, 55, 38, 46, 3, 17, 35, is the title of a poem by Whittier.
My 37, 68, 60, 73, 57, 51, is the title of a poem by Whittier.
My 1, 68, 9, 19, 10, is the title of a poem by Whittier.
My 56, 9, 32, 21, 29, is the title of a poem by Whittier.
My whole is a quotation from Tennyson's immortal "Locksley Hall."

DOT AND DASH.
Plainville, Ohio.

Enigma.

I am composed of 4 letters.
Strike out my first and I am used to diffuse knowledge.
My 4, 2, 3, expresses something congenial.
My 4, 2, 1, 3, is used for a peculiar kind of baking.
My whole unites—sentiment, affection, sin, and punishment—all own my power.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

A farmer has a field in the form of an equilateral triangle. In this three horses are staked with ropes of equal length. The circle upon which each horse grazes touches the others externally and also two sides of the field. Now in this pasture there is one acre which the horses cannot feed upon. Required—The length of the ropes and the area of the field. H. R. SPINK.

☞ An answer is requested.

"Average" Problem.

The sides of a triangle are 25, 29, and 36 feet respectively. Required—The average of the areas of all the triangles that can be formed by joining three points taken at random on the surface of the given triangle.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a prosy speaker like the middle of a wheel? Ans.—Because the fellows around him are tired.

☞ Why is a wax candle like a contented man? Ans.—Because it never wants a muffin.

☞ When is love deformed? Ans.—When it is all on one side.

☞ Why is a balloon like silence? Ans.—Because it gives ascent.

☞ What noble work have the railroad companies done? Ans.—Distributed tracks about the city.

☞ Why is matrimony like a landed estate? Ans.—It is a proper-tie.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"The world is grown so bad, that wrens may prey, where eagles dare not perch." CHARADE—Wheel-bar-row. (Wheel, bar, row.)

NOTICE.—The *answers* to Problems are always to be sent to the "Riddler," but the full solutions, if desired, to the author.

BREAD CAKE of every grade is good if carefully made. The regular receipt reads: "One and a half cup of dough, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Raisins and spice to suit the taste. Mix with the hands until the dough seems thoroughly worked in, adding a little more flour if the dough is thin. Let it raise half an hour. It raises slowly and but little before going into the oven." This is very nice. We have eaten it with a relish when minus eggs and raisins, and with only a tablespoonful of butter and a little clove, cinnamon or quince for flavor.

After the scalp has been thus thoroughly cleansed, it is unnecessary to use any oil or pomatum whatever, as the natural secretion of the skin is sufficient. If, however, either of the above washes seems to leave the hair dry and the skin harsh, a few teaspoonfuls of pure glycerine may be added to the receipt.

It is of great importance in washing the head, as well as in brushing or dressing it, not to pull or jerk the hair. Everything must be done gently, as violence breaks, splits, and loosens the hairs, ultimately causing them to fall out and leave bare spots.

There is a precept in hair-dressing which cannot be too widely known. It is this:—Wash the scalp, but not the hair; comb the hair, but not the scalp.

Except in diseased conditions of the skin, there is no occasion for scratching it with a sharp-pointed comb, or a hard brush. Such irritation frequently leads to disease, and should be avoided. Combs are for arranging and cleansing the hair. They should be of several sizes, their teeth blunt, and entirely free from cracks, splinters, or broken points. If a single tooth is broken or split, the comb should be discarded. Buffalo horn, tortoise shell, ivory, vulcanized rubber, are all unobjectionable materials, though the latter is often inconvenient on account of the electricity it develops.—*Personal Beauty.*